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The Week

THESE are fateful days for the future peace of Europe. The French attitude toward the proposed mutual compact of security has now become known; and while extended comment must wait upon the full text, not available as we go to press, the terms made public are such as to make it difficult to see any hope of a real agreement. France insists that Germany must abandon all hope of readjusting her frontiers, eastern as well as western, peaceably or otherwise. Unless this is agreed to, she may not enter the League. A demilitarized zone is to be created on the Rhine, but demilitarized only so far as Germany is concerned: her troops may not enter it, but French soldiers are to march across it whenever they find it desirable in fulfillment of the treaty agreements with Czechoslovakia and Poland. Needless to say, no German government could agree to these amazing conditions and survive. They represent on the part of France a continued expression of her intention to dominate the continent in defiance of the mandates of justice and mercy, by the threat of her arms and those of her allies. Indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that these impossible conditions are imposed for the deliberate purpose of drawing from Germany a refusal in such terms as may be made the pretext for continuing the occupation of Cologne after the stipulated date for withdrawal in August, since the excuse heretofore relied upon—Germany's failure to disarm—has worn too thin to be serviceable. It is no wonder that the British cabinet is split over the question; one must indeed be a thick-and-thin friend of France to endorse such iron-bound terms as she now sets forth. No one needs to be a prophet to predict the response they will bring forth, nor the renewed danger into which they plunge the continent.

THE gloomy outlook which the French policy toward Germany creates is reinforced by the other news of the week. The League of Nations conference on control of the traffic in arms has virtually broken down. Nearly every nation entered it with some pet proposal for weakening the control of the traffic, and the usual form of log-rolling has ensued, in mutual agreements to vote for one another's reservations. All the nations which are neighbors of Russia have asked for special favorable treatment because of that fact; some of the neighbors of those neighbors declare this special treatment is a menace to themselves—and so on. In view of the kind of talk heard at Geneva, it is perhaps no wonder that from Moscow should come rumors that the Western powers are planning a new drive against Russia, a drive political, economic and perhaps even military. The Little Entente lends some additional color to the story by admitting the existence of rigid military alliances in several directions, directed against Russia and Germany. From Austria come reports that spade work is being done in preparation for ultimate union with Germany—a proposal which would be regarded as ample *casus belli* by France, Czechoslovakia and Poland. All these dismal items, it might be added, are taken from a single day's grist of the cables—a day seven years after the end of the war to end war.

SENATORS Borah and Norris have declared in favor of the abolition of the Federal Trade Com-

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mission as now constituted, and the New Republic is inclined to agree with them. It has never fulfilled the purpose for which it was originally constituted. Its original purpose was not, as so many people believe, that of acting as police inspector and investigator of business and particularly of big business. It was intended as an administrative agency which would help the Federal Courts to discriminate between fair and unfair business practices. Whether or not any particular practice is in its actual effect unfair, destructive of desirable competition, discriminatory or in restraint of trade is often profoundly ambiguous. The courts in deciding for or against a particular instance of a doubtful practice might well suffer from a lack of sufficient knowledge of what the actual effects of the practice were. The Federal Trade Commission was intended to supply the courts with the information which they needed in order to pass intelligently upon these ambiguous and difficult cases. It was expected to decide in favor of or against particular practices and to state the facts on which its findings were based. These findings were then to be confirmed or repudiated by the courts.

FOR reasons which are too intricate and technical for discussion here, this attempt to assist the courts in legislating for business has not been successful. There has been little effective coöperation between the Trade Commission and the Federal Bench. The Commission has come to figure in the popular mind not as an administrative auxiliary of the Federal Courts but as the protector of the public against business evils and abuses and an investigating body which Congress could use in order to obtain information about dubious business activities. Until recently a majority of the members of the Commission usually consisted of men who tended to be suspicious of what business and particularly big business was trying to accomplish. When, consequently, a few weeks ago, President Coolidge finally managed to obtain a Commission which was less inclined to make trouble for business, it was natural for the minority of the Commission and progressives generally to feel that another of the safeguards against government in the exclusive interest of business was being broken down.

THIS fear may be well founded, but it would be idle to publish lamentations on that account. The Federal Trade Commission, as constituted before Mr. Humphries was appointed, reflected the attitude towards business which prevailed during Mr. Wilson's first term. It was a partizan body which never acquired the semi-judicial status which the Interstate Commerce Commission has earned. The official attitude towards business is now completely changed, and it is natural to have the former Democratic disposition displaced by the present Republican disposition. The Republicans are perfectly frank in announcing their intention of letting business do about what it pleases, and having won the election chiefly on that issue, they are entitled to a Federal Trade Commission which will represent a Coolidge rather than a Wilson point of view. The critics of the Republican party can afford to wait until its effects are revealed before raising a row.

STATE-SUPPORTED universities in the West find themselves in an interesting situation at present. All of them are in a period of unprecedented growth in numbers of students, which has necessitated their asking the state legislatures for larger and ever-larger appropriations. At the same time, the common people whom these legislatures are supposed to represent are in a mood of Fundamentalist reaction which has brought the whole program and spirit of higher education under suspicion in their eyes. It is not only the biology departments which are suspected of teaching "Darwinism"; the economics departments also are charged with making boy-Bolsheviki, the historians with upsetting the simple faith in hundred-percent chauvinism, and the deans with permitting students to go on wild parties featured, as the daily press is fond of saying, by booze and petting. The country, or at least that part of it which is most vocal, wants a return to the merits of our forefathers as exemplified by our beloved President: know little, say little, work hard and save. It has a strong belief that the taxpayers' money is being expended in ways which are calculated to produce just the reverse of the Bryan-Coolidge ideal. Under this pressure, most of the universities—themselves dominated by the growth-complex which they have taken over from the realtors—are inclined to keep still and get the money. The University of Tennessee has lately been portrayed as one which has sold its birthright for a mess of porticoes; and the same thing is more or less true in other places.

IN SUCH a juncture, it is interesting that the University of Wisconsin should have gone quite outside scholastic circles and selected as its president, Glenn Frank, the brilliant young editor of the Century Magazine. Mr. Frank is without classroom experience, and while he has had contact with university administration, it was brief and some years ago. He is best known as a writer and lecturer on social problems, particularly the future of America as it will be affected by political, religious and educational activities. His general view of this field is indicated by an editorial published not long before the election to Wisconsin, in which he said:

> . . . The professor, the parson and the politician are at work on the same job, not on three separate jobs. That job is the achievement of "the good life" for the citizen and the nation. . . . There is little danger that our state universities will run away with our state governments. . . . It is clear, I think, that

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> we cannot afford as a nation to let our state governments run away with our state universities.
>
> . . . Unless I am far afield in judgment, the hope of democracy lies in the development through the right kind of education of unofficial statesmen who, as leaders and workers in agriculture, industry, business and other activities shall manage the businesses, the industries, the farms and the professions of the nation with such socially-minded vision and technique that we can in the years to come afford to use political government more and more for the primary task of the policing of life while the real management of life goes on outside the halls of legislatures and cabinet rooms. Here, I think, is the real political function of our universities. . . . The statesmanship of our university presidents, in the future, must I think be expressed not so much in wire-pulling at state capitols as in the development of a more realistic, more human, more statesmanlike education that shall enhance and enrich the common life of the state as well as educate individual students.

There is an obvious natural affinity between a man holding such views and the University which has so long been the home of "the Wisconsin idea" of bringing education into the closest contact with the whole community. Mr. Frank has the chance to put his theories into effect at a time when most universities are suffering from elephantiasis coupled with intellectual atrophy. It is a great opportunity, and an experiment which the country will watch with the keenest interest.

ON JULY first, an American fleet of fifty-three war vessels, including eleven of our eighteen battleships, will leave Hawaiian waters for a friendly visit to Australia and New Zealand. The cruise, it is only fair to say, was planned two years ago, when our relations with Japan were a great deal better than they are today. It may also be, as the naval men claim, that suddenly to cancel it now would do more harm than good. Nevertheless it remains true that the enterprise cannot have any good results, naval or political, in any way commensurate with the harm which is certain to result from it. The Australians, not without reason, will look upon the visit as confirming a sort of unofficial alliance against the yellow races in Asia—"white hands across the Pacific." An orgy of speech-making may be expected, full of georgeharveyisms about the white man's burden, ignoring as usual the fact that this burden generally consists of loot stolen from men of some other color.

WHAT sort of effect this visit will have in Japan it is easy to foresee. Australia is even more outspoken in her anti-Oriental policy than we are, and the atmosphere between herself and Japan is already tense. The Japanese jingoes—a breed of which Nippon possesses a crop as numerous and offensive as our own—are certain to link up the South Pacific situation with our own immigration law and California land ownership act as indicating a concerted policy of Anglo-Saxon enmity which—of course—can only be met by Japan's building more battleships, and increasing her army. That she cannot afford to do so, any more than she could afford under any circumstances to fight the United States, is an argument which is not germane. Any nation will fight, whether she can afford to or not, if she is goaded until she feels that her national existence is at stake. Sensible men laugh at the phobias of Mr. Arthur Brisbane, who tells his addience of twenty millions every few days that Japan is preparing to attack us from the air. They know that such a war as he predicts would be physically impossible, insane folly in a military sense, and for Japan economic suicide. Yet let enough Brisbanes, here and in Japan, say this sort of thing enough times and it can be made to come true, not in terms of an unfeasible trans-Pacific aerial attack, but in those of a disastrous, unnecessary naval struggle.

FOR an example of the sort of jingo folly to which we refer, one could ask nothing better than some remarks young Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., recently uttered in the San Francisco Illustrated Daily Herald, one of several popular picture papers of which he is the owner. When the American fleet arrived at the Golden Gate on its way to Hawaii a few weeks ago, he welcomed it in an article over his signature in which he said (italics his):

> The *next war*—and that war may *not be so very far distant,* if we are to believe reports seeping out of Tokyo and Washington—will be a *sea war.* . . . Today, 145 vessels of *war* lie in the bay, aboard which close to 50,000 men are quartered. *There is a reason why this fleet lies in* San Francisco waters *today.* That reason will be forthcoming before so many months pass by. In 1914 another great armada lay in the waters of Portsmouth harbor, Great Britain. One month later the world was embarked on its greatest war-making venture. That is not synonymous; it is simply exemplary.
>
> Should trouble eventually occur in the Pacific—and there is *no reason why that trouble should not occur,* it is a probable certainty that the nations bordering the South Pacific, feeling as they do at present, and the nations bordering the Northeast Pacific, British Columbia in particular, would be drawn into the conflict on the side of the nation whose fleet lies with us today.

Any time that Mr. Vanderbilt tires of newspaper publishing, we suggest that he can find an occupation in which he will be quite at home, by shouting "Fire!" in crowded theatres, rocking small boats filled with women or children, or investigating gasoline tanks with lighted matches.

A STOCK bogey of the anti-Japanese jingo is the suggestion that that country intends to seize the Philippines. In this connection it is interesting to

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note, not only the denial of any such intention, but the bit of news, contained in a recent letter from Viscount Kentaro Kanako, Imperial Advisor to the Mikado. Replying to an inquiry from Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor-Emeritus of Stanford University, Viscount Kanako says:

> In regard to your question about the Philippines, I will say that thirty years ago the Spanish government sounded the intention of our government whether we have any intention to buy the islands with the sum of $800,000, but our government answered that we have no idea of taking possession of the islands at any price.
>
> I will say now that Japan never had any idea "to pounce on the islands," which is purposely made up by those mischief makers to "stir up the ripples on a calm sea."

IT IS indicative of the resourcefulness of the British Empire that by raising the price of one staple, rubber, they are in a position to make the American consumer pay a sum equivalent to the interest on the British war debt to America. We paid $185,000,000 for rubber in 1924 and shall pay $400,000,000 in 1925. It costs about 17 cents a pound to produce the rubber, and 30 cents a pound offers a good profit. We are being made to look upon 60 and 70 cents as usual. This miracle has been achieved through a rigorous control of production. We may contrast our own handling of our cotton production, which has been just as important to England, through the last generation, as the rubber production of the British East Indies is to us now. In not more than two or three years has the price of cotton yielded enough to make possible both a decent standard of living for labor and a reasonable return on capital invested. We grumble about it and that is all. When the rubber producers found prices sinking to the cost level and below they proceeded at once to form an organization, with official sanction, that has successfully mended their case. It is true that it would be far more difficult for us to regulate cotton production. We have a Constitution. And under the Constitution the only agency authorized to keep the bottom from falling out of the cotton market is the boll weevil.

MUSSOLINI is never more felicitous than when making a grand gesture, and his statement that Italy recognizes and will pay her war debts is such a gesture. Just what it means is a different question. He wants a long moratorium; he wants extremely favorable terms. Whether favorable terms following a long moratorium will really constitute full payment seems dubious. Vague promises are cheap, and if one does not know just how or when one is to pay, a sweeping promise is just as easy as an expression of doubt, no matter how much more honest the latter course may be. Doubtless Mussolini feels that Italian credit will be better if he avoids any hint of repudiation. But American bankers and the American government are realistic enough to want more than generalities before favoring the unlimited extension of credit to European debtors.

A SHARP distinction is to be drawn between the sort of governmental reorganization called for by Secretary Hoover in his address to the United States Chamber of Commerce and the cheese-paring economy which would starve useful agencies and stifle all activities which may from time to time prevent business men from doing everything they desire. In fact, those who feel the necessity of extending federal activities have the best reason of all to insist that the existing administrative machine run as smoothly as possible. That it is antiquated, clumsy and wasteful, has been demonstrated again and again by careful research. Reorganization was called for by Taft and Wilson in turn. When, as in many cases, bureaus jostle each other in the same field, there are conflicts of jurisdiction, wasted energy, and annoyance. If we expect business men to answer questionnaires, we must not pester them with useless, unanswerable and difficult questions from dozens of agencies. If we expect mariners to like the American merchant marine, we must not tie them indefinitely in harbors with red, white and blue tape. If we want good administration, we must not entrust executive jobs to quasi-judicial commissions. If we want to avoid an alternation between special favors and bureaucratic oppression, we must not leave unchecked executive agencies technically under the President, but really exercising his authority without his direction.

REFORM of federal administration has been prevented in part by the jealousies of government servants themselves and of the various special interests to which the several bureaus are close. Everyone admits the need of general change; none wants it in his particular field. Even more potent has been the effort of Congress to guard its power by retaining the right to make this and that minor appropriation for this and that purpose, and to prevent the President from nullifying or changing its purposes in his executive discretion. Both types of objection must be granted serious consideration. We should feel considerable hesitation in allowing Mr. Coolidge, or even Mr. Hoover, to abolish or consolidate agencies at will, because we do not believe either would be likely to give enough consideration to certain types of governmental activity—such as labor research or publicity for business facts. But we do not believe that retention of the present disjointed system is the answer. Let Congress grant a general reorganization on sound administrative principles. Then let it guard as jealously as it likes—in fact let it increase—its power over Presidential appointments to Cabinet and other major executive positions. Such officers are not mere advisers to the

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President. They are important administrators over whom Congress may well retain a watchful eye. If the legislative branch is to grant powers and appropriations in bulk, leaving large discretion to the executive, it should also demand responsibility to itself from the chief administrators concerned.

IN the New Republic of April 22 appeared the sentences: "There is enormous waste in production and distribution. If it were eliminated, production per man could be increased, there would be more goods to go around, and prices could be lowered or wages raised or both." Mr. Bolton Hall writes us, "Would prices of land be lowered? I hardly suppose you will answer this awkward question." We find the question not awkward, but somewhat irrelevant. Increased productivity of consumers' goods or of capital equipment probably would not lower prices of land, at least directly. On the other hand there is little quantitative evidence, so far as we know, to prove what seems to be the implication of the question—that landowners would inevitably absorb all the benefits of increased productivity. There is indeed a danger that owners of both land and capital would get more than their share, and to obviate this danger we suggested collective bargaining as well as "a social strategy to plan the best use of the surplus created." To the many single taxers who write us every time an economic question is touched in our pages we give the assurance that such strategy might easily, in our opinion, include high taxes on land values, if scientifically levied. But it would also include many other things. Our quarrel with the single taxers is not that we deny the truth of their theory, but that we recognize other truths.

Germany, France and European Peace

> A rare opportunity for securing the peace of the world was lost when the victorious Allies preferred a vindictive to a moderate settlement, and critics have not been wanting who argued that the "Carthaginian peace" doomed the young [German] Republic which was forced to accept it to an early death. The battle of democracy at any rate is not yet won, and the destiny of the Republic depends far more on the attitude of its neighbors than on the theoretical principles of its citizens. If the new Germany obtains reasonable consideration at the hands of the victorious Powers, it may survive and take root in the national consciousness. If it fails to secure the ordinary amenities of life for the mass of the people, if it is crushed by political and economic servitudes, if it comes to be generally identified with humiliation and suffering, it will assuredly be overthrown.

THE sentences which we have quoted above are taken from the last paragraph of the last chapter of a book on modern Germany, written by Mr. George P. Gooch, the learned and dispassionate English historian of the origins of the War, recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons. They call attention to an aspect of international policy which American agitators for peace have hitherto almost entirely ignored but which they cannot continue to ignore. The political complexion and moral temper of Germany will depend, says Mr. Gooch, less on the theoretical principles of her citizens than upon the attitude of her neighbors. It is the policy adopted towards Germany by France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States which will determine whether Germany will develop into a democratic republic and a bulwark of European peace or into a militant monarchy and an active volcano of European disorder and militarism.

The most conspicuous friends of peace in this country have since the Armistice acted on the opposite assumption. They have behaved as if the treatment which Germany was receiving from her conquerors and its effect on the moral outlook of that country and the political order of Europe were a matter which did not vitally concern an American peacemaker. The complacency with which they had accepted the Treaty of Versailles practically compelled them to adopt this attitude. That treaty was framed on the theory that the way to convert Germany into an orderly, amenable and trustworthy member of the European society of nations was first to deprive her, like a convicted criminal, of any means of legal self-protection, and then to humiliate and punish her to any extent which suited the convenience of the victors. American advocates of peace did not altogether approve of this treatment, but they have never radically or tenaciously objected to it.

It never seems to have troubled them much that a victory, which, as it occurred, was dependent upon the Wilson propaganda and the industry and army of the American nation, should be used to defeat the advertised American war aims. They considered it of more importance to promote peace by agitating on behalf of American entrance into the League and the World Court than on behalf of the just and loyal treatment of their vanquished enemy. When France took advantage of the helplessness of Germany to invade the Ruhr as a penalty for the non-performance by Germany of the Treaty obligations which are now generally admitted to be impossible of performance, most American peacemakers sat in silent and often benevolent acquiescence.

The invasion of the Ruhr would have turned the German people into a nation of desperate and famished outlaws, had not at the last moment its economic and moral consequences been checked and its policy reversed. The Dawes plan gave to them for the first time since their defeat a temporary breathing space, and they have used the opportunity

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to initiate a remarkable economic and moral recovery. In place of the utter despair of the winter of 1923-24, they now feel as if they have a fighting chance, but whether they survive as a constructive or destructive agency in European life still depends chiefly, as Mr. Gooch declares, on the attitude of their neighbors. Are the victorious Allies and particularly France any more disposed than they were in 1919 to give to a disarmed and defenseless Germany the benefit of some system of public law and an effective administrative agency of justice? If they are not, Germany will sooner or later return to militarism as a necessary measure of self-defense. It often takes a long time to repair such international crimes as the partition of Poland or the vindictive treatment of Germany since the Armistice, but in the end they prepare the way for political convulsions which undo the offense and ruin the offenders.

The partly reinvigorated Germany of today is trying to find out what her status is by negotiating with her conquerors for what is essentially a new settlement. The German government does not, of course, dare to propose anything so drastic or provocative as the actual revision of the supposed settlement, but it is manœuvring to effect the abandonment of the disastrous assumption which gave form to the most indefensible provisions of the Treaty. The Treaty deprived Germany of the power to protect herself without conferring on any law or any court the authority and the power to provide protection for her. Her government is now asking in effect whether she is not in her helplessness entitled to the benefit of some legal process and guarantee. Her proposal for a contract of mutual security among France, Belgium, Great Britain and herself, subject to the understanding that at some appropriate time she may raise the question of her eastern boundary with Poland and her union with Austria, implicitly raises the fundamental question of European peace. Will the Allies themselves assure to her the independence, the security and the right to be consulted which they will not allow her to obtain by military preparedness? If they do, they can no longer coerce her as ruthlessly as they have done in the past. If they do not, they place themselves in a position which will ultimately rally to the defense of Germany all the imponderable political and moral forces of the Western world.

The American advocates of peace seem unaware that the future vitality of the League of Nations depends upon the successful outcome of these negotiations. The recently published memorandum of the British Foreign Office pointed out that at present the League lacks the authority to confer on the European peoples any general feeling of security, mutual confidence and good-will. Its impotence in this respect is traceable to many causes, but the preponderant cause is the failure of the Treaty of Versailles to vest in the League any power or any interest in giving the protection of international law to the most completely helpless and insecure country in Europe. Not only is Germany exposed to invasion by France for failure to live up to the provisions of an impossibly exigent treaty as interpreted by the French government, but she is not protected against such invasion whenever France, with or without the authority of the League, proposes to march an army into eastern Europe for the benefit of Poland or Czechoslovakia. The French government in its answer to the German proposals has refused any guarantee by France of the inviolability of the boundary between herself and Germany unless accompanied by a German guarantee of the eastern boundaries.

American friends of the League would do well to consider conscientiously the precise meaning of this difference between France and Germany in relation to the future stabilization of Europe. The German government in its proposals to France and Great Britain has discriminated between the eastern and western boundaries of Germany. It is willing to forget German-speaking Alsace and to render forever sacred by the most solemn guarantees the western boundary, but it is not willing to attach any similar sanctity to the boundary between Germany and Poland. It considers the Polish boundary intolerable, and it explicitly reserves the right to agitate for a change and to use any available legal and peaceable measures to bring about its improvement. The French retort by pointing out with perfect truth that the German proposals undermine certain articles in the Treaty of Versailles, and that they consequently impair the authority of the existing basis of European order. They demand from Germany a guarantee of all frontiers and a reaffirmation of all the provisions of the Treaty except those provisions which may conceivably operate in her favor. According to one report M. Briand even insists that Germany, if she joins the League, shall renounce the benefit of Article XIX of the Covenant which gives her the right to appeal against frontier injustices.

If these reports are true, the negotiation has revealed with the utmost clarity the nature of the fundamental issue between France and Germany. If the French contention triumphs, there will be no legal way in which the disarmed German nation can enjoy security or act in order to remedy what it takes to be its grievances. It will be denied any hope of accomplishing political changes, which many non-Germans believe to be just, by peaceable means. War will continue to be under the League of Nations, as it was before the League was started, the only agency which Germany can use to alter political boundaries. Europe will then have become a continent in which a disarmed and helpless nation is legally prevented from doing anything to bring about political readjustment in her own favor, while

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at the same time this disarmed nation will itself be legally exposed to invasion without having the right to appeal to any impartially interpreted law or any impartially administered police force. Manifestly in that event the League will have become a mere instrument for the subjugation of Germany in the interest of French domination in Europe.

It is time for the American advocates of peace to understand how far the future of organized peace in Europe is associated with the results of the experiment of disarming Germany. For the first time in the history of the world a numerous and industrious people with huge accumulated possessions and surrounded by fully armed neighbors, although theoretically retaining their political independence, has been deprived of all power of self-defense. The Germans do not like their impotent condition, and if they could help it, they would not submit to it, but they cannot help it, and they are trying to make the best of it. Hitherto as a result of their impotence they have had to submit both to humiliation and spoliation. They have been forced finally as an extremely generous concession from their conquerors to place their economic system in the hands of an alien receiver and to promise to pay to the victors their whole economic surplus for an indefinite number of years. In this and other ways they are clearly threatened by what Mr. Gooch describes as political and economic servitude—a kind of servitude which is quite incompatible with their nominal independence or with their supposed status as an equal in any possible society of European nations.

Up to date, consequently, this experiment in disarmament is suceptible of only one interpretation. Inasmuch as the disarmed nation is deprived of legal protection against injustice, any people which is capable of defending itself is foolish to disarm. The treatment which Germany has received is a demonstration that war and military preparedness are still the only recognized basis of the independence and security of states. The League of Nations presupposes a different conception, but it has done little or nothing as yet to substitute for military preparation a less violent and nationalistic method of insurance against subjugation. Obviously it cannot realize such a substitute without arranging expressly for giving security or doing justice to unprotected Germany. The League in its inception was a noble attempt to substitute compulsory conferences for war as the agency of international legislation. Yet the statesmen who framed it began the proclaimed reign of conference in international affairs by refusing to the vanquished peoples, whose destinies they were then deciding, the right of being consulted about their own fate. Until their successors grant to Germany a status in international counsels equal in all respects to that of her armed and victorious neighbors, the most important members of the League will follow its founders in testifying to their own profound disbelief in its fundamental principle.

Why Food is High

IT COSTS more to get a box of Oregon apples from the freight train to a New York table than it does to get them from the blossom to the packing box and across the continent to Hoboken. Of the $5.09 which is paid at retail for a box of such fancy apples, the grower's portion—for the packed container—is only $1.19. The retailer's margin is larger than the farmer's, or $1.90. Besides these principal items, the shipping organization adds 26 cents, the transportation charges 78 cents, the wholesaler 43 cents, and the jobber 53 cents.

Facts like this have long been cited, but usually they have either come from propagandist sources or have been unrelated to specific situations and specific projects. Now we have the Port of New York Authority, coöperating with the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, trying to work out at least some details of the distribution system with an approach to reasonably good planning. The little pamphlet from which the above instance is taken is one of its recent publications.

Northwestern apples happen to be typical of the situation for nearly all fruits and vegetables. On fourteen varieties, about 47 cents of the consumer's dollar is pocketed or used by retailer and jobber after the product reaches the port. It is therefore up to the city consumer to see what he can do about the high cost of living at his end of the route before he begins to bellow for lower freight rates or bargain with the farmer.

Terminal handling and cartage costs, although less than 10 percent of the total retail price, are a shining illustration of wasteful distribution. It costs 42 cents to haul a 150 lb. sack of potatoes 1120 miles to the terminal. It then costs 62 cents, or nearly half as much again, to take them 15 miles to the retailer. The first part of the haul is at the rate of less than four-hundredths of a cent a mile, the last part at the rate of over four cents!

When the train is left in the yard, the cars have to be moved about by switch engines, shoved on floats, ferried across to piers in Manhattan, and unloaded. The cost of that, for a sack of potatoes, is 17 cents. The shipment then has to be loaded on a horse truck and driven less than 500 yards from the pier head to a motor truck waiting in the street, outside. The cost of that, for a barrel of apples, is 12½ cents. Then comes a haul to the jobber, a third unloading and loading, and another haul to the retailer. Sometimes additional transfers occur. All this costs, for the apples, from 15 to 35 cents. It is interesting that the highest cost is to Newark, on the same side of the river where the freight train originally comes to rest.

Much of this work could be dispensed with

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merely by a better designing of terminals—the pier haul, for instance. Other costs could be reduced by better routing and planning of operations, such as is familiar to management experts in any modern factory. A study of the wasted time of trucks brings this out. Out of every 100 hours of truck service paid for, only 36 were productive of service, or a little more than one-third. Delay at terminals and stores, trips with part loads, and the like, accounted for a waste of 29 hours. Completely idle time because of no work took up the other 35. Thus only 26 cents out of every dollar paid for trucking is spent for actual service. Profit takes 14 cents, and waste eats up the rest. If that waste could be completely eliminated, cartage costs would be reduced 60 percent without shaving off a dollar of profit or wages.

What is ordinarily thought of as waste—actually throwing away spoiled fruits and vegetables—comes to a little over 5 percent of the retail price, and half the handling cost. Shrinkage of weight through evaporation accounts for about another 5 percent. The first might be much reduced, the second somewhat, through better knowledge and coördination between market demand and supply, so that not much more goods would be kept on hand at any given time than would be taken away by the consumer. There is also a commercial loss in rapidly varying prices due to the same flaw in distribution. The dealers' margin might be smaller on the average if prices could be stabilized.

Part of the excessive cost in the city is due to additional services offered to consumers, such as delivery and credit. It was found that about 14 percent more was paid for the same goods bought at stores which deliver and permit charge accounts than at cash-and-carry stores—eliminating altogether the chain stores which have other means of economy. Part of this difference may be accounted for by the fact that the credit-delivery shops are usually in more prosperous neighborhoods, and can thus charge more, pay higher rents and offer greater variety and more specialties. But there is undoubtedly an appreciable expense due to these unnecessary services.

Another discovery of the investigators is that the distribution cost on a small purchase is as great as that on a large one. You pay 12 cents for distribution of a pound and a half of lettuce, 10 cents for over six pounds of potatoes. Probably the same principle extends to less perishable commodities. If, like our thrifty ancestors, we kept supplies in bins and barrels, stocked up our larders for long periods, and catered to large families, we should get more for our money. Just how all this is to be done in two-room kitchenette apartments the Port Authority does not say. But if it could be done we should need fewer small retailers, and the system would be improved all the way back to the farm. The profiteering manufacturer of package goods might be considerably discouraged.

There is, it will be seen, no one simple answer to these problems. They must be attacked piecemeal. It is obvious that we need unified and better planned terminals and yards. There the matter verges on the waste of competitive and predatory railroad systems, which furnish obstacles to such projects. We need a better organization of jobbing, wholesaling, retailing, trucking. Whether we shall ever get it in any appreciable degree without either a food trust or consumer ownership of distributive functions may be open to question. Competitive individual enterprise never worked to worse public advantage than in the marketing of foods. And after all is done that can be done, we may find that the very existence of the enormous unplanned city is the greatest of all causes of waste. There ought to be a saving in the living together of a fairly large number of persons. But the concentration of population may already have gone by its own momentum far beyond the point of diminishing returns—either in food costs or in happiness.

More Truth about the Supertax

IN THE campaign for reduction of the supertax which has been carried on ever since the end of the War, one of the arguments most persistently reiterated is that the tax tends to destroy its object and so defeats its own fiscal purpose. Secretary Mellon has published figures in his annual reports showing the progressive decline in the number of incomes subject to the highest rates of the supertax, and has offered the explanation that the larger fortunes have taken refuge in tax-exempt securities. This explanation has been almost universally accepted. Secretary Mellon, it was urged, had access to the individual income records, and those records gave fairly accurate evidence as to what the supertax payers were doing with their investments. Nothing in Secretary Mellon's character would justify the assumption that he was capable of issuing false or misleading statements knowingly.

Nevertheless the New Republic was forced to doubt the validity of the explanation. We pointed out that an analysis of the securities found in the estates of decedents subject to the estate tax did not bear out the assumption of heavy investment in tax-exempt securities. Moreover, the volume of such securities, after deduction of the amounts known to be held by insurance companies, banks and trust companies, individuals not subject to the supertax or only to its lower rates, was plainly inadequate to accommodate the enormous amount of capital which had somehow slipped out from under the supertax. A camel may possibly go through a needle's eye, but no camel can live in a dovecote.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to depend on deductions, however inevitable, as to what happened to the large incomes that appeared to shrivel up under the supertax. The committee investigating

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the Bureau of Internal Revenue, of which Senator Couzens is chairman, has carried through an analysis of the facts, such as Secretary Mellon should have made. Some of the more striking results of this analysis were made public by Senator Couzens in an address before the Baltimore Bar Association on April 19.

The committee analyzed the returns of 3,066 individuals whose net taxable income in 1916 was $100,000 or more, and followed the returns for these same taxpayers through 1923. In that period these taxpayers were allowed to deduct $609,978,000 for capital losses and added only $250,226,000 for capital gains. We do not draw the inference that the losses were overvalued or the gains undervalued. On this point we reserve an open mind. But we think no one can longer be at a loss to account for a good part of the shrinkage in the yield of the supertax.

The committee, however, comes still closer to the concrete facts in another analysis. It examined the records of a group of 101 individual taxpayers whose income exceeded a million dollars in 1916. The net income of the whole group was $264,613,644. Gains made during the year and subject to taxation amounted to $16,819,000; losses deducted were $108,000. In 1920 the net incomes of the same group of individuals had shrunk to $53,059,000. The gains subject to taxation had diminished to $7,770,000 while the losses had increased to $38,407,000.

The increase in deductions for losses accounts for 14 percent of the shrinkage in the taxable income of this group. There is still a 65 percent shrinkage to be accounted for. Unfortunately Senator Couzens does not give further details for this group. But for the larger group of 3,066 individuals paying taxes on $100,000 or more in 1916 the details are given satisfactorily.

This group had a net taxable income of $970,241,000 in 1916 and $355,095,000 in 1920. Its members reported capital losses of $1,353,000 in 1916 and $162,241,000 in 1920. Their business and partnership profits diminished from $300,250,000 in 1916 to $94,957,000 in 1920. Falling dividends and interest, non-capital losses and contributions amounted to $221,000,000. Their tax-exempt income was $43,862,000.

In percentages, the loss from business and partnership profits was 33 percent, the loss from falling dividends, etc., 33 percent, and deductions for capital losses, 26 percent. Tax exemption, instead of being responsible for the whole decline in the volume of income subject to supertax, as Secretary Mellon assumed, was responsible for only 7 percent of it, on the face of the returns collected by Secretary Mellon's department, and at all times accessible to him. In what light, then, does Secretary Mellon stand, as authority on finance, expert adviser on the national fiscal policy?

If the issue were one of pure scholarship, submitted to the judgment of scholars, there could be no question as to where Secretary Mellon would stand. He would be thoroughly discredited, and no one in the future would waste any time in listening to his arguments. But the issue of the supertax is as far from one of pure scholarship as anything could be. It involves vast practical interests. Hundreds of millions will be saved to the supertax payers if the case for reducing the tax can be made plausible to Congress and the people. That part of the public which was convinced in advance of the desirability of getting rid of the supertax was taken in by Secretary Mellon's argument partly because, like the Secretary himself, it wanted to be taken in. It will view with indifference Senator Couzens's exploit in exploding the argument, and will remain steadfast in the opinion that Mr. Mellon is "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton."

Senator Couzens suggests reducing the supertax to 20 percent, at the same time raising the income tax exemption to $5,000 and abolishing the nuisance taxes. If it were absolutely necessary to cut out $400,000,000 of revenue, such a distribution of relief might be regarded as expedient. But so long as times are good, we believe that it is wise policy to make as much headway as possible with the reduction of the debt. Twenty-one billions of unproductive debt is a heavy burden to carry. In the event of future contingencies requiring extensive government borrowings the World War debt would seriously limit our credit. We had better pay it off as fast as we can.

In the greater part of the history of the supertax, as Senator Couzens shows clearly, the chief obstacle to productiveness lay in the administrative provision that permitted capital losses to be set off against income. Under the 1924 law, bounds were set to this form of evasion, although it was not wholly eliminated. The administration of the tax laws could be improved at this point as at many others if our chief fiscal officer conceived it as his duty to recommend to Congress measures designed to increase the efficiency of the laws, instead of carrying on a propaganda for measures more favorable to a particular class in society.

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Thomas Henry Huxley, 1825-1925

MAY 4 was the centenary of Thomas Henry Huxley's birth. It is a centenary that evokes a multiplicity of reflections. There are, to start with, my private and personal ones. They might be thought not to be of much general importance, seeing that I was but eight when he died; and yet it is, I think, relevant to record that a little boy found in him the kindest as well as the most amusing of grandfathers. For one of his most prominent personal characteristics was that he combined the fearlessness, the honest anger, and the sternness that he could show to such effect when they were needed, with a tenderness that manifested itself in great pity for suffering, in a married life of rarest happiness, and in a love of children. In one of his letters he writes: "Children work a greater metamorphosis in men than any other condition of life. They ripen one wonderfully, and make life ten times better worth living."

He was a man not only of high and varied attainments, but of forcible personality and full human life. In a brief article I cannot do justice to the whole man or to all his activities, but must content myself with some reference to Huxley as biologist, as teacher, and as one of the forces in the general thought of his time.

By profession (although he trespassed with conspicuous success into the fields of geology, physical geography, and anthropology) he was, of course, a biologist. Some would say a zoölogist; but he was largely instrumental in fixing the term biology in common usage, and he certainly merits the more comprehensive title. It has sometimes been said that he was not among the greatest men of science because he made no outstanding new discoveries. In a sense this is true. There is no single achievement standing in his name on a par with those that we owe to Newton, or Darwin, or Dalton, although his original researches were unquestionably brilliant and sound. But he called himself a scholar—"I have always been, am, and propose to remain a mere scholar"; and such critics, perhaps, forget that Science has need of great scholars no less than of great discoverers. He was, what is more, an extremely able organizer, a man of great energy, and the inspirer of much work in others. The result was that he did more not only to systematize the zoölogical knowledge that kept pouring in during his career, but also to get it extended in a systematic way, than any other man of his day.

It is, however, for his vigorous championing of Darwin's cause in the battle over evolution that he will be best remembered. Here his biological knowledge and his passion for truth joined hands. He never fell into that uncritical acceptance of every detail of the subject that characterized some later evolutionists and made their Darwinism more like a theological creed than a scientific hypothesis (on which topic Huxley himself wrote, "Ecclesiasticism in science is merely unfaithfulness to truth"). On the contrary, he maintained a healthy skepticism on a number of unproven points. For instance, he always told Darwin that he would regard the matter as put on a new plane of certainty when someone had succeeded in producing from one original stock two new stocks that gave sterile offspring on crossing.

But of the general truth of the evolutionary hypothesis, its enormous value to biology, and the necessary reorientation which it would give to the general current of thought, he had no doubts; nor did he spare himself in the cause. It is sometimes as well, in these easier-going and theologically more tolerant days, when we are reaping what he and others like him sowed, and may sometimes be tempted to think of his criticism as essentially destructive, to remember what power of inertia, what violence of the odium theologicum there was in the opposition. "Professor Huxley" became a sort of bogy in orthodox lower middle-class families, almost as "Boney" had done for the nation in earlier days. He was attacked as irreligious, immoral, unscrupulous, on the platform, in the press, by letter. That sort of opposition cannot be persuaded; it must die out or be destroyed.

But, further, those who accused him of being a destroyer only, were very wide of the mark. Quite apart from his constructive, essentially synthetic work in science, he lived by a definite and positive philosophy of life. True that in many matters which are generally regarded as essential to a philosophy of life or a religion, he proclaimed himself, in the word which he added to the English language, *agnostic*. He did not know whether there was a personal God, or whether the soul was immortal—he believed that he could never know; and accordingly he refused to concern himself with the possible consequences of their uncertain truth. But he did know that one could try to arrive at the truth and proclaim it, and that it made a difference whether one did so or not. He knew that one could try to discover and to do good or evil, and that this made a difference. He knew, loved, and valued beauty in nature and in art, human affection, family joys.

On this basis he erected his philosophy, which, for all that it seemed to many austere and stoic, was most indubitably positive. It exalted to the highest plane two things and two only—Truth and Morality: and it was an Absolute Truth in which he believed, and an Absolute Morality. In this the historian of a later time may see him curiously as the child of his age. The path of Physical Science had not yet come to the stile of Relativity. The doctrine of Evolution had not yet had the time to

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work itself out and to lead us, with Bergson, to the relativity of intellect itself, nor had there been thrown up a William James to perplex us with the doubts of pragmatism—doubts which persist a little, however vigorously we may reject his system. Psychology had not stepped over its academic, introspective boundaries and showed us our powerful subconscious selves, nor revealed how often what we proclaimed as Reason was but Rationalization of our deep-lying desires.

Huxley rejected and attacked the Absolute of Theology; he accepted and cherished that of Reason and of Morality. This gave him force—a force as of Puritanism, and the force of missionary zeal. It was largely due to his efforts that the theory of evolution was so rapidly accepted by the mass of educated men and women, and that Darwin could die secure in the knowledge of having effected a fundamental change in human thought within the span of half a lifetime. (In parenthesis, what would Huxley have thought of the present anti-Evolution movement in America? One wishes one could hear! But it would be perhaps breath and ink wasted, for the movement is one led by ignorant and uneducated people, and is already preparing the way for its own collapse.)

His championship of Darwin brought Huxley into conflict with the churches; and this led him to grapple with a host of problems connected with religion—problems theological, moral, philosophical, social. He despised with bitter scorn the old unyielding orthodoxy—"orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget." But he did as much as any man to break it down in favor of the present more plastic, more tolerant growth. The result of the change is curious—that when we read his theological essays we seem to be moving in a dead world, far more remote from that of today than the rest of the world in which he and his thoughts had to move.

Space forbids more on this topic; nor can I do more than mention his great services in the cause of education. He championed the cause of natural science with attendant firsthand "practical work" as an essential part of education, and saw his ideas triumph during his lifetime.

The man who could write, "Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws"; or, again, "All artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education"; or "The cardinal fact in the University questions appears to me to be this: that the student to whose wants the mediæval university was adjusted, looked to the past and sought book-learning, while the modern looks to the future and seeks the knowledge of things"—such a man was at least a force to be reckoned with in matters educational.

Huxley was a fine draughtsman, wholly self-taught; and some of his sketches, especially those made while he was on the "Rattlesnake" expedition as a young man, show that he might have achieved real distinction as an artist if his bent had lain that way and he had received a proper training. He always insisted on the value of drawing as an educational discipline. In the field of literature, however, he did attain real distinction. Terse, direct, and picturesque, he was equally able to give a vivid picture of scientific facts and their significance, and to present a complex line of argument in close-knit form and finished, lucid style. He himself wrote the aphorism, "Books are the money of literature, but only the counters of Science." Yet it is safe to say that some of his essays, both on scientific subjects and on the march of general thought, will live on as classics of their kind. In brief he was a standing example of the fallacy of that view—too often the outcome of the envy of the less gifted multitude—that a man cannot succeed in more lines than one, or that his work in his own special subject must needs suffer if he invade others.

Here I must leave the man for a moment and turn to the times.

It is an extraordinary century that has elapsed since May 4, 1825. The industrial system has grown and culminated, and has generated forces of opposition which are slowly but surely remodelling it into something fundamentally new and different. Natural science, from being a toy for speculative minds, has become, and been recognized as, one of the foundations of any civilization which we can for the present envisage. The sciences of dead matter vindicated their immense practical importance during Huxley's lifetime; the sciences of living matter are now in train to achieve the same triumph. Nationalism, like a plague of boils, came to a head in country after country, but is itself producing (besides appalling wars) an internationalist anti-toxin which will moderate its violence. The mediæval scheme of thought, persisting however totteringly and with however many modifications in spite of shock after shock since the time of the Renaissance, has finally crashed to earth. In its place is apparent chaos.

But the chaos is in reality due to the rapidity with which mankind is assembling materials for a new edifice. They come in from every quarter. Chemistry and evolutionary biology made perhaps the greatest contributions during the last century, while of recent years mathematical and stellar physics rival with psychology, comparative religion, and philosophy in their efforts. The materials lie higgledy-piggledy as yet: the time has not yet come for the building to begin. But they are the right kind of materials for a new and more splendid building, as steel and concrete for brick and stone permit of skyscrapers in place of six-story offices.

Huxley himself wrote: "I conceive that the leading characteristic of the nineteenth century has been

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the rapid growth of the scientific spirit, the consequent application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems with which the human mind is occupied, and the correlative rejection of traditional beliefs which have proved their incompetence to bear such investigation."

That is probably true, for he knew that "whatever practical people may say, this world is, after all, absolutely governed by ideas, and very often by the wildest and most hypothetical ideas"—and that accordingly a change in fundamental ideas will in the long run bring about a greater change in human life than any amount of mere invention.

In conclusion, I should like to quote Huxley's famous passage on a liberal education, for it not only is an admirable example of his style, but gives a picture of the man. It was the training which he had prescribed for himself; and he had succeeded in all essentials, in carrying it through in his own person.

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

JULIAN S. HUXLEY.

The Idaho Minority of One

More Facts from the Record of This Man Borah

A QUITE creditable argument could be made to the effect that with Woodrow Wilson in the White House from 1912 to 1920, it was Borah as often as it was Wilson who led the Democratic party.

That is anticipating events, however. Picking up the story of Borah in 1912, let us first consider what remained of Borah's quarrel with his own divided party.

Borah had not bolted with Roosevelt in 1912. Neither had he stumped with Taft. He had remained in Idaho, promised neither candidate his vote, and announced that he would "continue to advocate progressive principles."

When, next year, state elections in Michigan, Illinois and West Virginia showed that the Progressive party was losing strength, the line of attack seemed clear to Borah. "The thing to do," he said that year, "is for the Progressive forces to take possession of the Republican party, organize it from top to bottom, write a Progressive platform, and elect a Progressive candidate in 1916.

"All of which," he added, "it is thoroughly within our power to do if we unite."

We have a vantage point in history. We know that the Progressive forces did not take possession of the Republican party in 1916, did not organize it, either top or bottom, did not write a Progressive platform, and did nominate Charles Evans Hughes. One contributory reason why, no doubt, lies in the fact that Borah, urging Progressive voters to unite, did so little of the uniting.

Borah's forte is not uniting. It is disuniting.

He disunited himself from his party in 1908, his first year in Washington, to fight with a handful of western senators for an income tax amendment. Before the fight was over the amendment won.

He disunited himself from his party in 1909, his second year in Washington, to investigate the sugar trust and Charles B. Warren, who comes back into the story later.

He disunited himself from his party in 1910, his third year in Washington, to force a prompt investigation of his colleague, William Lorimer.

He disunited himself from his party in 1911, his fourth year in Washington, to vote against a Nicaraguan treaty drawn by Secretary Knox, and as imperialistic a document as ever issued from the State Department. On this issue Borah was the one Republican to bolt. The treaty failed by a one-vote margin.

He disunited himself from his party in 1912, his fifth year in Washington, to force an investigation into hours of labor in the Steel Trust, did the investigating for himself, and helped lay the foundations for a reform which Judge Gary saw fit to establish later.

Even by the end of this fifth year, the point at which we pick up his story, Borah had succeeded so emphatically and often so successfully in disuniting himself from his party, that when he returned to Idaho between Congressional sessions it was the practice of such home papers as the Boise Statesman to greet him with the headline: "Welcome, Stranger."

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Borah, on the issues presented to Congress from 1908 to 1912, and again from 1912 to 1920, was progressive enough for the Progressives who bolted with T. R. Where he differed from those Progressives was in the value which he set upon the emblem of his party. It throws light on Borah's attitude toward new parties to find him, in the first months after the birth and death of the Progressive party, explaining: "In 1912 it seemed to some of us who were equally sincere in our progressivism that it was lacking in strategy and effectiveness if not in courage to give up the vantage of name and prestige in the Republican party."

Holding to that vantage, he believed, was "the only effective way in which to get results." The party could be captured. Speaking for himself, Borah wanted "no platform drawn by bosses or even by anointed leaders weeks in advance and carried like a stuccoed and perfumed Egyptian mummy to the place of meeting, with which to conjure the multitude for another season." He wanted "a living, breathing platform voicing the realities of life and the actual conditions of today." And that platform must recognize two facts: first, that monopoly was "ten thousand times worse than black slavery"; second, that between monopoly and republican institutions "there is eternal war where all the captured are slain without benefit of clergy."

So martial, in fact, was Borah's interpretation of progressivism at this time and on this occasion, that one suspects he must have been addressing a reactionary audience. So he was. The statement quoted here is from an address delivered to the Republican Club of New York City, with Borah literally the one irregular among six hundred diners present.

Had the situation been reversed, and had Borah found himself alone with an audience of left-wing rebels, it is possible that he would have chosen as his text the necessity of loyalty to party.

Borah has a penchant for minorities, especially if fate tempts him with a minority of one.

It was in March of the year following the Roosevelt rebellion at Chicago that the Wilson Administration came into power. Borah sat across the aisle. The Democrats in Congress had votes enough without him. But the Democrats in Congress quarrelled with the Democrats in the State Department over an unexpected issue, and there followed promptly an opportunity for Borah to lead the Democratic party.

The platform on which the Democrats returned to power had denounced "colonial exploitation"; the Democratic members of the Senate had voted solidly against the Knox program to exploit Nicaragua in 1911, and with Borah's one vote detached from a Republican majority in the Senate had managed to defeat a high-handed treaty. It was with surprise, therefore, that the rank and file of Democrats in the Senate beheld the impressionable William Jennings Bryan swallow hook, line and sinker the policies of Knox, and submit as Secretary of State a treaty which turned Nicaragua over to the bankers.

There followed a celebrated controversy over the merits of Drumstick Diplomacy. Borah led the fight against the Bryan treaty. He said of that treaty: "It is based upon deception, misrepresentation, fraud, tyranny and corruption, and I am prepared to show it." Behind him, for a time, he rallied the Democratic party in the Senate. Then the Democratic party in the Senate wilted and the treaty passed. But not until Borah had carried the fight through three Congressional sessions and two calendar years, and forced the Senate to forego a secret session and do its voting in the open.

Wilson was passive in this quarrel. And when Wilson was passive, leadership of his party in the Senate usually went begging. Who was to dispute Borah for command? Walsh was a newcomer in these days, serving his first term. Wheeler was unheard of. There were a few conscientious conservatives like Underwood to answer present. But for the most part the calibre of Democratic leadership in the Senate is suggested by the fact that Gumshoe Bill Stone, whose policy it was to have no foreign relations, presided over the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate.

Borah tells a story which does not fit the situation badly. It is the story of a Populist convention in the days when Idaho went Populist.

"The convention was in session," relates Borah, "when a stranger came in, with a coat on. The coat settled it. 'Here,' said the Populists, 'is a dude.' With one accord they went for him and threw him out of the window. Then somebody discovered that underneath his coat the stranger had no clothes on. So they brought him in and made him chairman."

The Democrats in Congress, from 1912 to 1916, were continually discovering that underneath its ulster there was nothing irrevocably Republican about the leadership of Borah, and acting on that information.

Borah led the Democratic party intermittently throughout the first Wilson Administration. He was a better states' rights man than most of his Democratic colleagues on the issue of federal supervision of state activities in return for federal subsidies. He demanded a time-limit on our occupation of the Philippines; the Democratic platform of 1912 had favored "an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the Philippines as soon as a stable government can be established." He led the fight for exemption from tolls of American ships passing through the Panama Canal. Wilson fought him on that issue. Yet the Democratic

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platform of 1912 had specifically declared for tolls exemption. Borah was a more literal Democrat on the tolls issue than was Wilson. And a persistent Democrat. Defeated on the tolls issue in 1914, he came back to it with a new bill for exemption six years later. Defeated again, that year, he brought in still another bill in 1922. It is a favorite interpretation of Borah that his interest flits from point to point. It does. But it has the instincts of a homing pigeon.

Borah fought for tolls exemption. Why?

Try, up to this point—1916—to make something of Borah's foreign policy, and the result is a double-edged impression. His attack on Bryan's drumstick diplomacy in Nicaragua and his attempt to set a time-limit on American occupation of the Philippines represent one sort of thing: a policy of playing no favorites as between this country and its smaller neighbors. His championship of tolls exemption, singling out American ships for special treatment, represents a policy more nationalistic—and in the end too nationalistic for that good nationalist, Henry Cabot Lodge.

Nor does the tolls issue stand alone. We have to remember that at this time Borah's policy was not one of watchful waiting as respects the affairs of Mexico. He took up Mexico in 1915 and stayed by it: demanding that "the armed forces of the United States be used to protect our people" long before they were used for Pershing's futile raid; and then, with Pershing in, declaring, "I have been so anxious to see someone act with reference to the protection of American rights that I think I would be willing to compromise with a constitutional question if I thought it were involved."

"Prompt and decided and unmistakable action," he demanded. That, in Mexico; on the high seas—"a great navy, a strong navy" . . . "Weakness is a source of war."

It was not an easy time to think of Mexico in terms of codified international law or of fleets in terms of limitation rather than construction. Force ruled half the world. Europe, in 1916, had been at war for two destructive years.

It was our entrance into that war, an adventure unforeseen six months before it happened, which established Borah as a power in American politics. Proof of that statement lies in a comparison of Borah in midsummer 1916, and midsummer a year later. In the first instance Hughes had just been nominated at Chicago, the Old Guard scoffed at talk of insurrection, and that progressive capture of his party, "top to bottom," which Borah urged in 1912, was a complete and demonstrated failure which had never for a moment frightened Penrose. That was 1916. A year later we were in the War—had been in since April—and had developed a new set of issues which brought Borah to the front so unmistakably that no subsequent catastrophe within his party, not even the nomination of a Harding or a Coolidge, could take away from him the prestige which he then commanded.

The War made Borah an outstanding figure in the Senate. It made him an outstanding figure because that faculty of his for camping in two camps at once became a suddenly important asset. Borah, over a span of years, had shown that he could denounce his party and yet remain a part of it, denounce a new party and yet champion its issues, denounce Taft at eleven in the morning and lunch with him at noon. Now, with the War on, he could talk Lodge's language—because, like Lodge, he was a supporter of the War—and he could talk LaFollette's language—because, like LaFollette, he saw how the War was being used at home. He was a war-party leader with a peace-party's instincts: a Lodge turned pacifist, and a LaFollette for the War.

There were moments when without Borah functioning in the Senate nine-tenths of the American public might have lost contact with the other tenth entirely.

Borah had not clamored for the War. He had been one of a small group of fourteen Senators—a curious fourteen which included LaFollette on one side, Gallinger on the other, and Albert Fall somewhere in between—to vote in March, 1916, for the famous Gore resolution warning Americans not to travel on the armed ships of belligerent Powers. Those fourteen Senators, for a large section of the eastern press, were, until they were forgotten, traitors.

A year later, when the War issue came, Borah supported the Administration; but he did not vote for war light-heartedly or in a flood of eloquence. He said, "I do not find it possible to vote against the resolution."

War was declared on April 6. Woodrow Wilson turned his face east, intent upon the problems of a liberal peace in Europe. Borah fought it out for a liberal peace at home.

There is no doubt, I think, that it was Borah's influence beyond that of any other member of the Senate which counted on the side of what small liberalism survived in war days. LaFollette, for the moment, was eclipsed. Kenyon, Walsh, and Norris had neither Borah's interest in war issues nor his influence. Borah, strong in the fact that he was a supporter of the War and a proponent of as complete a military victory, as triumphant a march to Berlin, as any other member of the Senate, carried the fight of liberalism from one issue to another persistently throughout 1917 and 1918.

He fought the espionage bill, denounced it as

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drum-head government, was one of a handful of six Senators who dared to vote against it.

He fought the wholesale raids of the Department of Justice, and not once but many times denounced those raids as infamous.

He fought the war-time revenue measures by which the men who did not do the fighting reaped the profits of the War, and demanded a tax "of at least 80 percent" upon all war-made wealth.

He fought war-made prices, attacked the men who set those prices as "infinitely lower than the foreign spy," and introduced a resolution (Congress was too busy to consider it) to punish profiteering.

He fought the established and official dogma of know-nothingism as to what the War was all about, and as early as July, 1917, insisted upon a "definite and specific statement" of war aims. That demand infuriated many of those good people who are trying nowadays to undo the work of the Versailles Treaty and who accuse Borah of indifference toward Europe.

He fought consistently, and in more than one respect successfully, for an intelligent policy towards Russia: sound in his position from the first days in 1917 when he called upon this country to help Kerensky with a statement of its war aims, down through intervention—which he called "willful murder"—to his insistence upon a policy of no blockade, hands off Russian politics, and ultimately recognition.

In the degree to which the Democratic party, as contrasted with the Republican party, represents anti-imperialism, liberalism and the under dog, Borah fought the Democratic party's battles for it during war days.

But the trouble was this: no Democratic party existed in the Capital in war days. There was Woodrow Wilson and a vote machine.

Borah lost more battles than he won. But he won more prestige than he had ever had before. For his stand on these war issues won him the gratitude of people who retained or gradually recovered sanity in war days; and it won him a wide and respectful audience of those who never did and never could agree with him, but found themselves impressed as time after time—in the matter of war aims, Russian intervention, espionage laws, the effects of profiteering, and the like—the logic of events went on to prove that Borah's judgment had been right. For the moment, however, a new issue arose with the War's end to obscure the War. We had the famous struggle between Wilson and the Senate: the debate, first hot, then cool, then academic, about this country and the League.

That debate ran on through more chapters than need be outlined here. Borah played for the press the rôle of perfect isolationist throughout it. Yet he took occasion to deny that he was, could be, or ever had been an isolationist.

> Over and over again [he declared in an interview in Washington], I said that there was no such thing as isolation . . . Throughout all the debate in the Senate I advocated the principle of coöperation with other nations when an exigency arose. I have never been opposed to coöperation in a grave emergency. What I have opposed from the beginning is any commitment of this nation to a given line of procedure in a future exigency, the facts as to which could not be known before the event.

No doubt, press label to the contrary notwithstanding, there is some justice in this protest. Perhaps the word "magnetist," if such a word can be coined, represents more adequately Borah's attitude toward Europe, the League and the treaty in Woodrow Wilson's day than does the word "isolationist." It was Borah's theory, voiced many times in 1919, that we could best stand on our own virtue, "leading the nations of the world in the right path, and then, if they did not choose to go that way, it would be God's will and not our fault."

We were to be the magnet.

Since those days, of course, Borah has shifted his emphasis. He is still against entanglements. But he is apparently inclined to think that playing the magnet is not in itself enough; a prod or two in the "right path" helps—witness his resolution for a conference on navies, his interest in attempting to "outlaw" war, his frequent warnings to France on the relationship between new loans, old loans and armaments.

All this, however, carries us over into a new period of Borah's story: into the Harding-Coolidge period when Borah prodded with success not only foreign governments but occupants of the White House. Here, at the end of the War and at the end of the treaty fight, there is time and space only for mention of Borah's relationship with his party at the close of Wilson's stormy years.

A new name flashes in and out of the story for a moment. The name is Leonard Wood's.

It is difficult, looking back from this margin of safety, to believe that a soldier whose issue was that he had not been sent overseas, a soldier whom Mr. Harding thereafter sent to the Philippines, suddenly emerged at the end of the War as an almost dominating figure in American politics: coming dangerously close to carrying off the Republican nomination—with Harding, in that case, left an average Senator, Coolidge nowhere on the ticket (because Wood was an eastern man and the choice of a Vice-President would have gone west), and the course of American history changed. Wood's miss was a narrow miss. In that miss the largest single factor was unquestionably Borah.

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Borah had not thought much of Wood's chances at the start. He had offered, in February of convention year, to bet Senator Moses of New Hampshire a hat that Wood's name would not even be presented in Chicago. Moses declined to take the bet, but Wood—thanks to a record-breaking and record-holding campaign fund—swept through the primaries capturing delegates in a score of states. Borah opened fire on Wood and Wood's campaign fund. He challenged Wood, in March, to admit how much money the managers of his campaign were spending. He denounced Wood's campaign, in April, as "an attempt to buy the Presidency." He forced, in May, that Congressional investigation of Wood's expenditures which made Wood's nomination equivalent to party suicide.

That was all. Borah stopped Wood. He could not reorganize or revitalize Wood's party. The convention toyed with Wood and Lowden for nine ballots; then compromised on a dark horse Senator who had come to Chicago chiefly for an outing: Warren Harding.

"Are you happy?" the reporters asked Borah when that tenth ballot ended.

"No, no, I'm not," was Borah's answer. "But then," he said, "it's because I'm ill. Too much heat, too much work, not enough sleep, I guess."

December brought cooler weather. With Harding safely ensconced in power and the inaugural coming, Borah arose in the Senate, denounced expensive celebrations at inaugurals, and desired to know "by what means we appropriate money for the inauguration of the President."

Harding, amiable and complaisant, was not even to have his coming-into-power party without a word from Borah.

A new chapter opens in American politics.

CHARLES MERZ.

(Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of three articles.)

Grotesques

ON THE obverse of the medal of idealism is stamped the grotesque. Through the whole kingdom of art the grotesque follows on the heels of the ordered like a dark hound at the side of Artemis.

The tortured and tortuous demons of Gothic doorways, Goya's saturnalian figures or Stravinsky's dissonances are evidence that in every age there has existed in the souls of artists an undying impulse toward grotesque creation. The traditional shapes of æsthetic fancy are grotesque. Fauns, centaurs, Pegasus and Medusa range the olive gray slopes of Greece, disturbing the tanned normality of resting shepherds; Northern woods are full of elves and witches, flitting like unwholesome night birds; Croquemitaine, bogy of little children, grimly stalks the neat Britanny orchards; and the meadows of England are the stamping ground of the unicorn, its copses conceal a grinning, misshapen Puck, while giants hurl rocks at each other in Cornwall, and dragons breathe fire through the dangerous, secret verdure of Wales. Ghosts are universal and as for the devil, he has since his conception been the lay figure on which the grotesque imagination has hung its most formidable dreams.

China and India give plastic form to the monstrous; Leonardo da Vinci fills sketch-books with beasts never seen on land or sea and faces that haunt us by their inordinate greeds and wild asymmetry; under the exquisite pattern of Aubrey Beardsley's black and white there peeps forth a horned, intangible horror.

The grotesque, in its most naïve aspect, springs from a primitive love and fear of the unknown—a shuddering lust for the impossible. Art, Janus-faced, is either a celebration of reality or an escape from it: the passion for life as it is of a Balzac, or the opalescent, prophetic reverie of a Shelley. The grotesque, then, in its own cross-grained way, falls into the second category and is a denial of reality; it is a denizen of that unreal world so necessary to those whose feet are bruised by the hard road of fact. There are humans who must find wings or perish; some will even take to bats' wings. The grotesque is a twisted, fog-ridden forest in that Never-Never-Land which is the home of those who find mortal flesh a prison.

Across this unbelievable realm of the grotesque falls the shadow of fear. It is part of man's unending search for sensation that he should thus build phantoms to pursue himself with, that he should assure to himself, in this way, the emotion of terror. There is a primordial cell in our brains which responds fearfully to the abnormal. Even while we experience a delicious shiver of pleasure at our fright, something cries out in us before the grotesque, like a child in a nightmare. We are inclined to shout "This is not true!" so as to reassure ourselves. We may laugh at the "worm" in Siegfried, trailing his green cotton folds and gleaming his acetylene eyes with such amazingly German literalness, but we shall not restrain a quiver of nerves at his entrance, a shock at his noisy unnaturalness. And yet what a persistent attraction lies for us in the inharmonious, and how we shudder at and still pore over the diabolic deformity of a stone gargoyle, the livid, attenuated saints of El Greco or the icily morbid fantasies of Edgar Allan Poe!

Apart from this primal terrifying intent of the grotesque, there is often in it a more civilized emo-

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tion—the sharp laughter of caricature. And here is an anomaly. For although the grotesque is an escape from the actual, in the sense of being an exaggeration, yet it is often but a heightening of external aspects—a tumultuous piling up and exacerbation of all too familiar, distasteful fact. Leonardo's pencil sketches, in which human beings subtly begin to resemble animals, discourse humorously concerning his contemporaries: the passers-by in the street, grasping old women, gluttonous old men, shrews, street boys and sots. Caliban is perhaps at root only some earth-bound blackguard of the Elizabethan pothouse and Bottom a bumptious yokel at the Stratford fair. Daumier's clawing lawyers are so many violent footnotes on human cunning, avarice and hatred.

Although the grotesque may contain caricature, many caricatures do not reach the stature of true grotesque. Caricature per se is an intellectual feat, a physiological comment untouched by that preoccupation with pattern and rhythm which is the sine qua non of the plastic arts.

The true grotesque is a work of art. But a work of art with a dark taint on its birth. For we shall not look long at the grotesque without realizing that there is in it something spiritually ominous, a quality in it more profound than its strangeness or its humor. For what reason, after all, does the artist, the striver after the ideal, the lover, one would have thought, of the proportioned and the lovely, create the distorted and the unsightly? What obscure passion is working in him, what denatured instinct? He is foiling us in our search for the restfully ordered, for some deep and original harmony. Is it fanciful to believe that the grotesque is an expression of pain, of some tragic uneasiness in the soul, which finds relief in negation? Shakespeare gave Titania an ass for a lover; did not this spring from some living hatred of some living Titania?

A number of present day artists patiently evolve the inharmonious, using fine material and fine energy in the effort. The lucid ancients made rigid division between the lovely and the grotesque, expressing both with equal care and detachment. The moderns, more impatient and more subjective, weave the grotesque, often unconsciously one would say, into their fabrics, some more richly than others, some to that point of perturbing excess which arouses cries of "Degenerate" or "Faker," and indignation meetings among lovers of safety.

Lovers of safety will not approve the grotesque, for there is no safety in imagination. If the song of the imagination is the lovely, the grotesque is its cry of despair.

> And the damned grotesques
> Made arabesques
> Like wind upon the sand.

Grotesques are damned. Yet their creation is perhaps the safety valve of the artistic temperament. The surplus of grotesque feeling among modern artists of all nationalities and all dimensions—Stravinsky, Jacob Epstein, Augustus John, Jean Cocteau, Mestrovic, James Joyce, Brancusi, Picasso, Yvette Guilbert—and among us, Elie Nadelman, Arthur B. Davies, Eugene O'Neill, Guy Pène du Bois, Hunt Diederich, Amy Lowell, Henry Clews, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Gaston Lachaise, Edgar Varese, Sherwood Anderson, Chaplin—the list can be almost infinitely prolonged—does it not spring from a too long endured æsthetic disappointment, some starvation of the artist's soul among the aridities of materialism and the distracting hideousness of a machine-driven civilization? And in these moderns do we not find that not only subject matter but method has become grotesque, and we have the deliberately ugly imagery of Amy Lowell or E. E. Cummings and the distortions of Picasso and Brancusi, whereas in Poe's stories or Beardsley's drawings an unholy content was at least clothed in holy form? The perverse parade of grotesque emotion which we observe in contemporary art deserves the attention of sociologists. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. The artist is ill. Life is too literal and he takes to his fancy. Life is too pervasively discordant and so his fancy does not soar, does not sanely and safely create beautiful rhythms, but becomes infected with unrest, turns ape to the actual, is a rebellious slave to what it would be free from.

Humor is the balancing pole with which the distraught spirit rights itself. In the grotesque, humor is pushed to the point of frenzy. The grotesque is the artist's revenge upon what has hurt him too deeply. First evolved out of man's primitive sense of fear and thirst for the impossible, it has become in its later, more sophisticated form, a wild gesture, torn from the creator by the extremity of his suffering. It is as painful and intimate as a wound. We shrink from its desperate underscoring of the mediocre and the despicable, conscious that this is a broken gesture, the result of a man's failure to transcend his bitterness. The greater artist sublimates beyond this æsthetic cynicism into a creative act of faith. Michelangelo, Beethoven, Whitman—these conquered the temptation to mockery, which is a strong one to intense temperaments, and out of their tried courage wove visions that are part of the hope of humanity. The lesser artist, with a sensitiveness too keen, too proud, too easily jangled, and a less sublime self-control, abandons himself to negation as a man takes to drink. The grotesque is an evasion and therefore a defeat. We are shocked at it, as at a dissipation; we pity its creator. For it is the expression of a man's frustrated imaginations, of his subconscious obsessions; it is his fallen angel's denial of any lasting beauty; it is his final, caustic, vanquished laugh at reality.

MARY CASS CANFIELD.

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Forgive Us Our Congresses

"MY GREAT heart is busted," said Elmer, "and my bean is bowed in grief."

"Never mind, there'll come a dawn of a brighter day." These brave words were spoken by Chester A. Donner, reliable druggist and patron of the silent drama. Mr. Donner bought a copy of Flickering Shadows but he produced a cigar at wholesale rates out of his vest pocket. "Tell me all," he said.

It seemed that the newsdealer's innocent heart had been set on a knock-down-and-drag-out fight between the Vice-President and the Senate with heavy casualties on both sides and the results had been disappointing.

"So far this thing is a flat tire," said Elmer. "Dawes shoots the works and blows the Senate clear out of the water. Next day I rip the wrapper off the papers with trembling mitts and what is the big noise? 'Babe Eats Poached Egg.' Is that any way to treat a great moral issue?

"Here it is May already. By rights there ought to be mobs biting their way down Main Street lugging banners, 'Down with Rule 37, Section XII, Row G.' Blow yourself to a look, Chet."

"I see Uncle John Riggles oozing home to dinner," said Mr. Donner.

"Trouble with this cruel war," Elmer went on, "neither side has any army. That cramps their style something fierce."

"Probably somebody will get hurt later on," said the optimistic druggist. "Nobody hates Congress much in vacation time."

"That's right, too. When an M. C. is trailing around the home plate he looks like a pretty good scout. Dawes's hunch was to hit the Senate when it wasn't looking, but that don't listen like such a hot patootie now. Those lads can get in their backtalk down close to the grassroots where it hurts."

"I think the old geezer has got something at that," said Donner. "Congress is the limit."

"'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour. Swat the Congressman; he'll get in the cream pitcher and poison the baby. Park the Congressional Record behind the whatnot safe from the little ones.

"Most Presidents have been wise to that line of hoke—anyway the ones you can remember without peeking in the book. Next to a foreign war the best bet is a bout with Congress. Grover Cleveland used to deal 'em good and frosty up the avenue. T. R. traded wallops with Congress on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—and it wasn't *his* ears that got the old cauliflower either. Wilson handed more dirty cracks to those Willful Willies than he did to the Heinies.

"It's a sketch when you come to think about it, Chet. We pick a bunch to make the laws, then we hire another bird to sing 'em the hymn of hate. Taft tried to live lovey-dovey with the boys up on the hill, and we had the can waiting for him long before his term was up. And Harding was hitting the same toboggan.

"But a man's got to have something besides a glove and a mean disposition to get by. All Coolidge can draw is a touch break. He's been smacked over the ropes so often that he doesn't look natural unless he's standing on his southwest ear. No wonder his shoes last so long!

"It was a pipe Cal was not getting into the pro class very fast. Of course we don't know the inside stuff but somebody doped out a new system. Hell an' Maria would take over the hate department. C. C. would be the handshaker and C. D. the fist-shaker.

"Generally a Vice-President sits in a dark corner and twiddles all ten of his thumbs and hopes for the worst. He answers back if asked 'How many lumps?'; otherwise not. But here was a busy little worker who was game to be the army and the navy and the air service.

"So Dawes stoked his comedy pipe and cooked up a dream. He'd take the knock out of the Senate and make it a smooth-running machine. Coolidge would stick a word in the slot, turn a crank and out would come a nice law—like those fortune-telling jiggers they had in the street fair. Cal's bucked that machine before but his ticket always read, 'Beware of a short, stocky guy with a gray pompadour.'

"Well, the General gets all set to stick a silencer on the Big Berthas. He's a Minute Man and he can't stand for the eight-hour bray. When he gets it all clicking pretty he won't ask 'em, he'll tell 'em. The Senator from Idaho objects. Is zat so? Slip him down the coal chute!

"When Dawes was propping up the Constitution last fall he spilled an eyeful of brine about the sacred rights of the minority. That coaxed a giggle out of me because a minority is what Bob La Follette never was anything else but. Now the shoe is on the other dog. You'd think a minority was something the cat dragged out from under the Senate office building.

"The big idea is to pep up Congress. Then it can make more laws, pass more bonuses, boost more salaries and throw more resolutions insulting foreigners who can't vote. The last Senate wasted so much time poison-gassing that it never got around to giving away a billion dollars' worth of Muscle Shoals.

"There's where the catch comes in, Chester. Maybe that's why Charley's show is threatening to fold up. If Congress is our natural enemy the way we learned at mother's knee, why should we pin monkey glands on it and turn it into a zippy go-

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getter? All it will buy us is a flock of new laws, and you can't step outdoors now without slipping on a revised statute."

"All the same, Elmer, you have to admit that those gasbags waste a lot of high-priced time."

"Those Filibuster Browns? Sure I know. But past performances show that they have pulled off some valuable funerals, too. When things are shady it's a good hunch to turn on the gas. If a bird wants to spend the week reading the Senate bedtime stories on Rural Life in Yap, I should squawk. I don't have to tune in on it. And it's a twenty-to-one shot he's talking some porch-climber to death.

"I don't know how it hits you, but I could worry along with fewer laws and fewer Dawes."

"Do you suppose Coolidge sicked him onto the Senate that way?"

"If it clicks, he did; if it's a flop, they'll hang it on the White House goatsman."

FELIX RAY.

The Matador

Whenever he arrived upon the scene
There was no occupation for the host;
Incorrigible gallant, he could lean
Longer above a lady's hand than most,
And yet not rouse less lucky men to wrath.
A sipper at the cup, he chose to flout
The Scriptural proverb of "To him who hath . . . "
Letting his various talents find *us* out.

Somebody called him, once, the Matador:
About him there were rumors of the ring
And intimations of a bullish roar—
Fans and mantillas, and a quickening
Of hearts; but quite as to the manner born
He'd always catch the rose and miss the horn!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Lucid Interval

What were you saying while we sat
Closed in the crowded motorbus?
Forgive me. I was looking at
A silver infant octopus.
My brain chose oddly to supply,
Along this winter-smothered street,
A certain morning in July
When, through a rent in opal heat,
I watched a fisherman with spear
Probing the bright Ligurian sea.
He paused and plunged, then hoisted sheer
And waved a wriggling star at me.
Upon the weapon, dangling bare,
It danced an ectasy of pain
And whipped into the torrid air
A ring of splintered ruby-rain.
And down the fellow's thighs, all wet,
The morning glued a golden vine . . .
But you were saying? I forget.
The fault was wholly mine.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Washington Notes

AM I unduly hard boiled? Notwithstanding the violent epidemic of talk concerning the French debt, the official and unofficial notes, negotiations, intimations, hints, statements and stories with which we have been flooded, the remarkable change in tone of the French press and the heavily hopeful editorials and dispatches that have filled our own, notwithstanding the presence once more in our midst of Jean V. Parmentier, the charming young Frenchman who came over here three years ago for the express purpose of settling this little matter of the French debt with us but tactfully refrained from mentioning the subject while here—notwithstanding all these things and a good many more I remain extremely sceptical about results. The whole discussion leaves me cold. Not that I do not think this time something slightly more tangible—at least on the surface—will emerge. Unless the whole business is to be turned into the sort of joke over which fools laugh and wise men shed tears some arrangement must be made this time.

My conviction is that when in some remote and still distant month an agreement is finally reached and the terms of a settlement definitely accepted, an examination will disclose so little nourishment in the form of cash for this country that a strain almost too great for even the Curtis publications and the New York Herald-Tribune will be imposed to cover up the hollowness of the thing.

I hate to be pessimistic. But I have a distinct feeling that we will be out-traded in the negotiations. We will discover, I believe, that the French will manœuvre themselves out of their present uncomfortable position where their independence in international matters is undoubtedly crimped by our holding demand notes for their debt, into one where with a settlement agreement worked out and accepted France can refuse American advice without painful embarrassment. That is the real purpose of the altered French attitude. My belief is that they will achieve it under terms so lenient as to satisfy the genuine sentiment of the French, which is that there is not the slightest moral obligation to discharge these debts. Furthermore, it will be found that no matter how cleverly the thing is concealed, the net result will be a very substantial reduction in the debt.

I feel we are bound to bungle this business of settling with the French before we are through mainly because there is no single clear-headed man of ability, experience and force directing the job. There is no use pretending that Mr. Coolidge personally has this debt situation in his head and is inspiring and directing the Administration policy.

There is not a newspaper correspondent in Washington of any experience and standing who does not know that the President's ideas in this matter of the foreign debts can be truthfully described only as vague, hazy and general. It is a big subject and he has given in the newspaper conferences and in conversation with members of the Senate and other interested persons numerous indications that he has not mastered it and has no clear-cut views on the subject except the natural New England one of thinking the debts ought all to be collected. How, when and where are questions upon which he has never been specific as to his views because he has no views. While Mr. Hughes was Secretary of State, Mr. Coolidge felt safe in leaving this and

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other matters of foreign policy in his hands and did. Since the departure of Mr. Hughes, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Hoover constitute the Foreign Debt Funding Commission. Of the three there is no question at all that Mr. Hoover is infinitely the best-informed man and very much better equipped to give the President advice. The unhappy indications are, however, that in these matters the President gets most of his advice from the other two.

Again the report is current here that the pious Senator Butler, confidential friend of the President and Chairman of the National Committee, will before long resign from that position. Personally I do not believe it, but two fairly plausible reasons are given by those who do. One is that inasmuch as Senator Butler does not have to stay at the head of the Committee and can afford, personally and politically, to retire from the chairmanship, it is inconceivable that he should voluntarily continue to punish himself by sticking. Unquestionably, it is punishment for Mr. Butler. He has an instinctive distaste for all politics and politicians. They offend his business sense. Lately he has been leaving things largely in the hands of his trusty young secretary, "Jim" White, who likes the political game as much as his chief dislikes it. When the Iowa and Kansas farm leaders come here it is White they see and he sends them away happy. If they saw Butler they would almost certainly leave soured and embittered. He somehow usually manages to achieve that effect with the average political leader. Why such a man should want to stay in the Senate is hard to understand. He has no fun. He made no secret last session of his disgust with Senatorial methods and his restiveness over the conduct of some of his Senatorial colleagues.

Yet, strange as it may seem, he not only wants to come back but he wants very badly to come back. The only way I can account for it is on the ground of pride. He does not enjoy being a Senator but he would enjoy even less being retired as a two-year Senator unable to secure election on his own merits and through his own efforts. Hence, Senator Butler proposes to battle for reëlection next year, and that is the other reason given as to why he will retire as chairman of the committee. No one has the least doubt that with "Dave" Walsh as his opponent, Senator Butler will know he is in a fight next year. There will be no Republican landslide to sweep a personally unpopular man into office and every friend Mr. Butler has is convinced it will take every ounce of weight he and the Coolidge administration can muster to get him over the line. The chairmanship of the National Committee not only would take a certain amount of his time and attention away from his own campaign but in itself is a liability, not an asset.

I concede that this sounds like logical reasoning. But it overlooks two things. One is that Mr. Butler's fight next year will really be Mr. Coolidge's fight. To repudiate Mr. Butler would be to some extent to repudiate Mr. Coolidge, and the President's strength is still such that I do not think with that issue clearly made even Mr. Butler's personal weakness would be great enough to weigh him down. The other is the fact that, much as Mr. Butler may dislike politicians, there is power in the hands of the chairman, and he does not dislike power. Besides, while it is true that Mr. Coolidge could easily name his successor should he resign, there is no available man who would suit him nearly so well. If for no other reason, Mr. Butler will stay because the President wants him to.

However, the other report is being widely printed, and you never can tell.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's return to New York last week, greatly improved in health after two months in the South, revives recollection of that conference of "National Democratic leaders" which he and Senator Walsh so blithely planned to call in the fall and concerning which there was such widespread publicity some weeks ago. Of course the idea has now definitely been abandoned, largely, I understand, because the taciturn Shaver had the good sense not to take any stock in the suggestion. I think I said in this place at the time of the proposal that it was an absurd idea which would fall of its own weight. When, however, you sense the bitterness in the souls of the few Democratic leaders who drift into Washington, and when you see the shrunken and shrivelled affair the Democrats still call their national hadquarters, and particularly when the extent of the sectional cleavage in the party is grasped, that conference idea seems worse than a joke. If anything further were needed to flatten out the poor old Democratic party a conference would be just the thing. What a shambles it would be! The way to promote harmony in the Democratic party is to keep the leaders apart, not bring them together.

T. R. B.

Washington, D. C.

Europe Unvisited

TO MISS the triumph over strange languages and customs officials and profiting by the fluctuations of the franc; pretending not to care for the regular tourist stunt and then doing the regular tourist stunt; and trying to register a letter or reserve a seat in a train (thank God for Coolidge); to be always going to little out-of-the-way places where no foreigners ever go, and finding yourself still in Paris or London or Rome at the end of two months; and being glad to be away from America and reading the baseball scores in the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, with intense interest, in a gondola; and being snobbish about other Americans abroad and enjoying their company over extremely good cocktails (you recommend the "sidecar") at the Ritz bar and taking down the address where the ice cream sodas are as good as Huylers'; and being irresistibly drawn to the right bank on the day the Sunday papers are said to be due. Very nearly dispensable, these prospects of being abroad.

Not nearly so dispensable the holiday of the mind, the "fête in the suburbs of the soul." For three months the group of mental habits by which you are managed, abdicate, and others set up a brief interregnum. Your holiday at home is in the tone and category of your work at home; your contact is with people who are idle exactly as they are, at other times, laborious, who go round in 80, or whatever the cabalistic figure may be, exactly as they buy or sell at 80 on other, more cherished days. The average American holiday hardly bears thinking of. The leisure it affords is so meanly arrived at—the refreshment so meagre, though the enjoyment may be great. For myself, I know that no matter how much I enjoy this summer, I shall not be so keenly aware and fond of America next October as I was last. I am a bad sightseer and have an insufficient sense of the strangeness of other people's lives; they seem to me,

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as they must be to themselves, so nearly normal. But the contact quickens.

It quickens, particularly, to a perception of what is and what fails to be civilized. The belittlers of America are fond of saying that our preoccupation with bathtubs is a sign of barbarism; yet bathtubs, in addition to being capable of harmonious proportions, are attractive objects in other ways, and the whole American fault lies in considering them as objects conducive to that horrible quality, cleanliness, which we have substituted for healthy dirt and healthy cleanness alike. That is, having perfected tubs and made them common, we have forgotten that they are what they always were: luxuries, and should be luxuriously enjoyed. I do not speak of a tub at the Adlon, which is Roman in its attitude towards baths, but even in the meanest furnished rooms of Paris the very scarcity of the tubs makes taking a bath an almost ritualistic event. As it should be.

The Continental attitude of mind is that it is not important for a man to be disinfected and it is important for him to have at least two hours for lunch, even if he has to work until seven to make up for it. That it is, likewise, not important for him to eat in secret, so long as his real privacy, the right to determine what he shall eat and drink, remains sacred to him. If you are not a gourmet and "making an art of eating" bores you as much as making an art of anything else which is in essence not an art, you can enjoy the way in which eating on the Continent becomes a function, not in the social sense, but in the natural one, and embraces wine and sunshine and the movement of the streets, and the green of a garden, and conversation and seduction. You have time, there, to devote yourself to the secondary qualities, when food ceases to be fuel and liquor an intoxicant, when in every serious way, you can develop your *taste*. The notes of a street cry, the color of an awning, the texture of a cloth, are to be observed without the touch of effeminacy or, faintly, of un-American immorality, which corrupts our senses at home. To the stranger, at least, the older and more complicated civilizations seem to have kept alive the natural man, while the young and rough civilization of America has betrayed the senses by putting them to practical use.

In retrospect, or nostalgia—which amounts to the same thing—Latin and Teutonic Europe seem so simple and childish that the myth of their complicated societies is hardly credible. The American is met with a mechanical awkwardness which irritates him until it begins to be amusing, and neither the average nor the intellectual American is brought too closely into communication with whatever aristocracy still maintains secret codes and elaborate points of honor. These people who cannot run an elevator competently and whose children remain on the farm impress the American as altogether lacking in sophistication, and the only guile he discovers in them is a petty hardness about the most trivial sums of money. Behind this there is a real simplicity which comes from having submitted for generations to the same discipline, from having thought of life continuously and with more depth than originality. This is not the European of flabby physique, rigid codes, artificial courtesy, and degenerate habits, the European of popular fiction. He exists, no doubt; but he does not make Europe.

Nor is Europe made, for the American, entirely by the apparent intensity and brilliance of the artistic phenomena he observes in full action at a time when art is dead in America. For the last few years the Russian Ballet has played in May and June in Paris, and last year, in addition, there were the soirées organized by Count Etienne de Beaumont in which painters, composers, dramatists, poets, choreographers—all of them experimenters, but by no means all radicals, and some of the highest rank—joined in a more fluid form of entertainment. The feeling one had of the arts communicating and sustaining each other, and of their having contact with the whole social and intellectual world, was extraordinary. It is, as far as Paris goes, a provincial world, but one in which the alien is surprisingly at home. The amateur is taken with the abundance of material for his choice, the conflicting concerts and the permanent exhibitions of artists who are not being suddenly pushed forward to fame, as he is taken with the naturalness of the artist's life everywhere on the Continent. It is not an abnormality for a European to want to be an artist, and it is not an abnormality for the artist to be a beer-drinking bourgeois if that happens to suit his temperament.

I do not think it an accident that liberty for the average man, in his daily life, and liberty for the exceptional man, the artist, in his spiritual life, should go together. The laws against artists have not yet been codified in America, but they surely will follow after the laws against the natural man have been formulated to completion. Even beyond them there will be a social objection to bright pink houses and to non-representational painting and to loud socks and to people kissing on the street. These are liberties which a comparatively new social structure, although it is dedicated to liberty in the abstract, cannot afford to grant.

The feeling that civilization is achieved by multiplying mechanisms and that these have already gone far beyond the capacity of the human nervous system, passes at last when you go down to the Mediterranean and become aware, by that beautiful and mysterious sea, that on its shores civilization began, and has been for centuries not hostile to man, but benevolent. The tourist-nerves which afflict Venice and London and Paris are finally allayed in complete submission to the water and the sun. At one spot on this coast Napoleon landed for the adventure of the Hundred Days; in the mairie there is a relic of older days when a Roman town stood there and at some festival a youth so enchanted the beholders that they carved on stone the record that "he danced twice and gave pleasure." The natives dance still, round and round on the pavement about the bandstand, little boys with their grandmothers, heavy peasants and flower-growers from Grasse with the daintier girls of the village. The Church of Our Lady of Shipwrecks, full of home-made votive offerings which picture hair-breadth escapes from death with terrifying detail, stands on the site of a temple to Venus.

To me that shore which in winter becomes the pleasure-ground of all the Americans and Europeans one doesn't care for, is the focal point of European culture. It is entirely without industry and entirely without entertainments, so that leisure comes naturally and is spent without laborious preparation for "a good time." It is neither an economic Paradise nor an artificial garden of pleasure; but here you feel that the pulse of life is normal, that you return to "the facts of the common man" and to health, by contact with the soil on which so much of history has written its record. That Phœnician traders and Roman galleys swept these coasts becomes not a fact of history, but a fact of one's own existence, tempering all extravagance of feeling, slackening all unnatural strain. The sea and the foothills of the Alps give the sense of equilibrium in their alternation of stability and movement, ennobling us a little with their not inhuman majesty and their calm.

GILBERT SELDES.

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Paul Rosenfeld

MR. ROSENFELD has life to give away and he has so far devoted most of his career as a writer to making generous presents of it to his contemporaries. In fact, he has sometimes given them more than they could hold and here and there in his essays we are disconcerted by the spectacle of a modest or a mediocre artist overflowed and drowned by the amount of creative activity which Mr. Rosenfeld has endeavored to pour into him and in which his swollen body floats. If Mr. Brooks has a tendency to represent all his subjects as frustrated, undernourished and unsuccessful, Mr. Rosenfeld has a tendency to represent his as full-blooded, exuberant and heroic. Reading Mr. Rosenfeld on the fecundity of John Marin, one has a vision of the bulging-breasted Ceres crowned with a diadem of corn—something quite different from the dry and narrow-eyed little man whose countenance appears in the accompanying photograph and from the painter of the water-colors, the disciple of Whistler, the dry and fastidious artist. And if Mr. Rosenfeld's taste rejects the work of an artist, he usually takes the line of denouncing him bitterly for not having developed this creative fecundity, for not having opened the flood-gates in his breast. His habit is to assume that we all possess such a torrent and that it only lies with us to loose it.

Now this point of view has been a valuable one in America at the moment when Mr. Rosenfeld has appeared. With Mr. Brooks and Mr. Mencken, he has probably done more than any other critic to break down the provincial prejudices and the inhibitions against artistic expression which have hampered Americans. Mr. Brooks pointed out the poverty of the cultural tradition which had been established by the old America; Mr. Mencken showed a way for dealing by satire and fiction with the grossness and absurdity of the new. And Mr. Rosenfeld interpreted to Americans the modern artistic tendencies of Europe and—what was most important—made it clear how their own activities were related to them. But now the critical purpose of all three of these writers seems to have been pretty well accomplished: Mr. Brooks has made his point; Mr. Mencken has got what he wanted. And, in similar fashion, Mr. Rosenfeld has caused the composers and the other artists he has championed to be understood and, in general, accepted by all intelligent people; and he has also, as I have said, partly bridged the gulf which always tends to divide us from Europe—so that European work is judged by one set of standards and American by another. His four books—Musical Portraits, Musical Chronicle, Port of New York and now, most recently, Men Seen*—constitute a remarkably brilliant introduction to the whole field of modern art by way especially of modern music, which Mr. Rosenfeld has treated exhaustively.

Mr. Rosenfeld has thus given himself away to the artists of his period—he has had no theory and no system by which he could make them serve a use of his own, by which he could build out of them a habitation for himself. He has been content to understand the purpose of each and to celebrate him as good in his kind. Though isolated ideas sometimes appear in his essays on specific authors, it is difficult to disengage any general ideas from his work as a whole. In a sense, his critical force would probably be greater if he were less unreflectively appreciative—if, like Shaw, like Paul Elmer More or like Eliot, in their different ways, keeping all his sensitivity, he could come to approve of certain works and to disapprove of certain others, on principle—that is, to judge them in accordance with their value in promoting some clearly defined political, moral or æsthetic ideal. What we get in Mr. Rosenfeld, instead, is a sort of millennial tendency—he seems alternately on tiptoe to greet the dawn of a new day and cast into despondency by the unlikelihood of its immediate realization. If he is to continue a critic, one feels he might profitably study other departments of intellectual activity outside the one in which he is particularly interested. He knows something of modern psychology and an application of certain principles of Freud is almost the only non-artistic idea which appears throughout his work. But, on the whole, one feels that the social, the political, the scientific and the philosophical tendencies which all go to make the life of a time are rather imperfectly appreciated by him. It should not be possible for him to write of a certain artist, as he sometimes does, as if the salvation of society depended on him, or to treat the dullness of a certain conductor as if it implied our damnation. If he had the range of a wider horizon, he would see the conductor or the painter in relation to other things which might make the critic's feeling toward him quite different.

In the meantime, he has performed the function of appreciator, of romantic critic, more satisfactorily than has perhaps anyone else in English. He has a more vigorous intellect than Arthur Symons and a more accomplished art than Huneker. And he has, above all, in his particular field, a many-sided intelligence which makes him unique in America. First of all, Mr. Rosenfeld is an American; but behind the American is a European; and behind the Americanized European is a Europeanized Jew. Mr. Rosenfeld thus stands at a junction of three great forces of civilization and is able both to appreciate the values and to judge the weaknesses of them all: he can see the dull religionlessness of America from the point of view of the Jewish idealist; the artistic achievements of the Jew from the point of view of European standards; and the dreariness and staleness of post-war Europe from the point of view of the American. Nor, in general, do Mr. Rosenfeld's different strains interfere with one another. The present writer deprecates in certain instances his introduction of French and German usages into English when it is difficult to see why English usages would not have been better in their place: one finds for example on the first page of his new book the following treacherous sentence: "It has occurred to him [the author] that we contain two spirits, the one rejoicing in relieving the unity in things, the other rejoicing as positively in their multiplicity, their divergencies, and the exclusivity of their directions." At first reading, this sounds as if the two spirits both rejoiced in doing what amounts to the same thing—that is, the one in multiplicity and the other in a relief from unity; but at the second reading you remember that in French *relever* means to call attention to, to insist upon, and realize that it is in this sense that Mr. Rosenfeld has chosen to use the English word *relieve*, which normally means something different. On the whole, however, the diverse elements in Mr. Rosenfeld appear in unusually perfect fusion: because he is a sensitive and distinguished temperament, his experience of them all has authenticity; and because he is an artist, his best essays are good literature from any point of view.

EDMUND WILSON.

* Men Seen, by Paul Rosenfeld. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Van Patten Protests

SIR: In the April 8 issue of the New Republic, Mr. William Seagle, a practicing attorney in New York City, has contributed an article, Supreme Court and Constitution.

This article is largely interesting in the trickiness of its language, and as a demonstration of the common practice of a considerable number of lawyers who attempt to make a case by befogging their auditors and by confusing the issue in their pleading under a mass of verbiage.

It is also notable that Mr. Seagle, although discussing a subject in which conclusions would be difficult for the layman to arrive at under very favorable circumstances, can certainly form no valid conclusions from an article which continually makes definite statements entirely undocumented.

In the first paragraph of the article in question Mr. Seagle says "It is commonly supposed that the Supreme Court holds Acts of Congress void. This however is not so. It merely refuses to recognize them." Justice Sutherland is then quoted as saying "To hold it invalid (if it be invalid) is a plain exercise of the judicial power." I would call your attention to the fact that the meaning of the two words "void" and "invalid" is practically indistinguishable according to the definitions given for these words in Webster, Funk and Wagnalls, and Oxford. In other words, what Mr. Seagle states to be a common supposition and the correctness of which he denies, turns out to be quite correct according to the authority which he quotes.

It would seem reasonable to conclude that, since "the Supreme Court" rather than Supreme Courts is spoken of, and one of its Justices is mentioned by name, the Supreme Court of the United States was the court under consideration. From this would logically follow that the Constitution referred to in the article was that of the United States. Reference to the article will reveal to even the most casual reader that in most of the cases mentioned it is the Supreme Court and Constitution of some one of the individual states that is involved. Certainly Mr. Seagle is aware that there are forty-nine supreme courts and forty-nine constitutions in the United States, and that it is quite possible—in fact quite probable—that an act may be unconstitutional under one of these constitutions and entirely constitutional under another. This is not an inconsistency in interpretation; it is only a lack of uniformity in constitutions.

When Mr. Seagle does discuss the Constitution and Supreme Court of the United States he is equally unconvincing. In referring to the action of the Supreme Court in 1801 and in 1898 on income tax laws, in 1868 and 1870 on legal tender acts, etc., it is left for the reader to infer that these various acts, upon which contrary rulings were made, were identical and that the decisions were upon the same points. Of course this is not the situation at all. It is obvious that one income tax law may be constitutional and another not so.

This same adroit slipping from a discussion of one thing to drawing a conclusion upon another is manifest throughout the article.

NATHAN VAN PATTEN.

Kingston, Ont.

Mr. Seagle Replies

SIR: Methinks Mr. Van Patten doth protest too much. He betrays his habits of mind when he says that one income tax law, or one legal tender law may be unconstitutional when another may not be, since they might differ in wording. But I am so free of legalistic bad habits that to me an income tax law is an income tax law, and a legal tender act, a legal tender act, and think that constitutions should operate only upon substantial differences.

It is particularly unfortunate that Mr. Van Patten should mention the legal tender act. I have a vague recollection that the act was finally upheld because one of the justices, being mortal, had fallen ill, or being semi-divine had gotten over an illness that had incapacitated him on the first occasion, or, perhaps the fact is that a justice had resigned, or a new justice been appointed. The clear-and-indubitable-constructionists will ever find it hard to assimilate this accident. And, the acts, regulating hours of labor differ so little that not only Justices Holmes and Brandeis cannot see the difference, but even Chief Justice Taft confesses himself perplexed. As for the fact that there are forty-nine jurisdictions, and an act might be unconstitutional in one and not another, is, since the schemes of government of the American commonwealths are substantially the same, perhaps, a sufficient criticism per se. The truth is, however, that the divergences I have cited in the article cannot be accounted for in the manner Mr. Van Patten helpfully suggests. The due process clauses are everywhere alike.

Kindness dictates that I say as little as possible with reference to Mr. Van Patten's criticism of my patient explanation that the Supreme Court never holds an act of Congress void but merely refuses to recognize it. Some day I hope to sell him the Brooklyn Bridge, or a gold brick at least. Finally, I cannot deny that I did not draw conclusions. These days it is not considered the fashion to point morals in the manner of Aesop to adorn a plain tale from the Capitolian Hills. Perhaps the conclusion is that judges are a benighted bunch of old gentlemen, or that the interpretation of Constitutional rights is a task which it is impossible to perform without supplying a good deal of innocent amusement to the bystanders.

WILLIAM SEAGLE.

New York, N. Y.

Sargent on Peace

SIR: I have been somewhat surprised to find no reference in the New Republic to what was in some respects a very remarkable address of Attorney General Sargent before the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh on April 30, 1925.

After a striking summary of the devastation wrought by the last war, Mr. Sargent turned to the problem of insuring permanent peace. Some of the chief points may be summarized briefly:

> The world needs a program of education that will establish a widespread understanding too great and too sound to be broken down by national or imperial covetousness. . . . To all the citizens of every nation should be brought the realization that the breach of peace anywhere injures all mankind, so that every man and woman will desire and strive to bring about some means of settling disputes between nations other than a resort to force. . . . All can be shown the danger of yielding to acting from motives of greed, the danger of yielding to the harangues of self-seeking agitators who would persuade and influence them to think that such motives are sanctioned by and inspired by a just God.
>
> In order that the influence of our great nation can be made effective in the cause of peace [the Attorney General added] there will have to be eliminated from the councils either the presence or the voices of clamorous pretenders whose only contribution is to stand and declare continuously their own patriotism, and decry the motives of everyone who suggests or offers for consideration something constructive.

JAMES G. MCDONALD.
Chairman, Foreign Policy Association.

New York, N. Y.

Critics' Fallible Verdicts

SIR: I have no wish to quarrel with Mr. Edmund Wilson's criticism, of the Stravinsky piano concerto, much as I feel that he misunderstands this work. But his naïve and unquestioning acceptance of the verdict of the New York critics is unworthy of a writer of his standing. The New York critics, presumably, have no claim to infallibility, and if Mr. Wilson will take the trouble to examine the annals of musical criticism he will discover that the proportion of accurate judgments of new works is not very large. In any case, Mr. Wilson must realize that he is, to say the least, citing rather doubtful authority.

Incidentally it might amuse your readers to note that each of Stravinsky's works has been, at the time of its appearance, damned in favor of its predecessors. In other words, the critics are usually at least two years late. This is not, of course, evidence in favor of the concerto, but it ought certainly to put critics on their guard, and to warn others against agreeing with them too complacently. Stravinsky's experience in New York, like that of others, is simply one more argument for reserving the artistic professions for those who practice rather than those who preach.

ROGER HUNTINGTON SESSIONS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

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A Philosopher's Travel Novel

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher, by Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. Two volumes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. pp. 738. $10.

THE literature of travel, like that of biography, has experienced a metamorphosis in the twentieth century. Where formerly the traveler gave us observations and anecdotes strung on a thread of personal narrative, he now takes himself seriously as an interpreter. But even among the recent writers of travel books Count Keyserling is a whale among flying fish. They skim the surface of appearance, dealing with phenomena as seen through their alien eyes. Count Keyserling plunges to the depths in the effort to understand the ethos of races strange to him. Most travelers account it much if they share for a time the external life of the people they visit. Count Keyserling seeks to penetrate their inner life, to think the thoughts of their greatest minds. This is the fundamental undertaking in his spiritual pilgrimage through India, China and Japan to America. In a sense he disproves the Horatian dictum: Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt. If he does not change his spirit, he at least succeeds in appreciating conditions in which it might be different. He constantly reminds us of his effort to sink his whole being in the life the secret of which he would discover. The initiation usually begins with nature. "The influences of this tropical world," he writes from Ceylon, "have changed my organism sufficiently to enter into and remain in the Buddhistic consciousness." In China he writes: "I will have to transform myself into a man of vision; here all appearance seethes with significance." With the anxious care of a neophyte he prepares himself for each new experience. He confesses that he approaches America without longing, with dread and horror; but he warns himself: "If I land in San Francisco in a negative and unsympathetic mood, then I will not become aware of the positive elements, nor will I be able to absorb myself in the spirit of the country." Only once does he find the process unavailing and cry in despair: "My friendly feeling has gone. Chicago is awful."

Clearly this is the method of the writer of fiction, to take the color of his characters, and Count Keyserling does well to advise his readers in his first sentence that his book is to be read like a novel. It is a novel of the spiritual picaresque—the adventures of Hermann Keyserling on the roads of wisdom. In such remarks as "For a time I trained myself to accept the superstitions of my temporary surroundings while I was there, because life assumes marvelous color through the recognition of mysterious relationships," we recognize the true spiritual picaro. The novel has, however, a perceptible plot. It begins among the Indians with the examination of psychic experience which carries the soul beyond appearance—"the state of consciousness which permits the Indians to perceive realities which are quite beyond the average Westerner." The pursuit of perfection through recognition has immense fascination for Count Keyserling. "Recognition does not lead to salvation, but is salvation," he writes; and again: "In order to acquire recognition one must not only live altogether for it, but to a certain degree one must *be* recognition; one must live in recognition, as women do in love."

The story leads on into China. Brahminism and Buddhism disappear before Confucius, whose wisdom was to make concrete use of the world of appearance in the interests of civilization. The psychology of faith is replaced by scepticism; the ideal of perfection through recognition, by one of moral culture. "Man can only become inwardly perfect if he expresses himself perfectly outwardly; he can only express what is most personal in him correspondingly if he obeys the forms which have proved themselves to be typical for the Chinese in the course of history." And Count Keyserling goes along. "How infinitely beneficial it must be to be instructed in this manner from childhood!" But he leaves China unsatisfied. "I pass from it almost exactly as I came," he complains, and he notes the reason. His own temperament finds its highest satisfaction in subjective experience.

Japan affords a brilliant interlude. Here he is immediately impressed with the appearance in nature of "the relations of color and form which characterize Japanese art." The highest values are no longer in the realms of knowledge or social conduct but in that of æsthetic understanding; and when he exclaims, "To what an astonishing extent I have already become a Japanese," it is because he has learned to "apply the standards of their æsthetics as a matter of course," and is "transformed from the thinker into the visual man." And of Japan he makes this synthesis: "The feeling for nature in the Japanese corresponds to the metaphysical feeling for the world of the Indian, and the consciousness of harmony of the Chinese"; it is the root of the deepest element in his soul, his relation to Japan, his patriotism.

It is when Count Keyserling leaves the Orient for America that his plot thickens. Throughout his examination of India and China he is steadily conscious of the great fundamental difference between Eastern and Western ideals, which manifests itself in a hundred different attitudes of mind and forms of behavior. It is primarily the opposition between perfection and progress. Count Keyserling is prejudiced in favor of the former. He holds that only being is of real significance, that perfection is the only measure of self-realization, and that a perfected lower condition is nearer to God than a higher imperfect one. But one of the fascinating aspects of his book is the play of his mind between opposing principles. The advantage of treating philosophy in a narrative of personal experience is that self-contradiction merely adds piquancy to the account. Thus he declares flatly: "I prefer Orientalism to Occidentalism because I value perfection in any form higher than success"; and "The more I see of the East the more unimportant the type of modern Westerner seems to me. He has abdicated his life in favor of a means to it." Nevertheless he recognizes that self-realization is possible only in accordance with the capacities of the given self. The Hindu type of perfection is valid only for the few, and therefore "European humanity . . . just because of its materialistic ideals, which are the true ideals of its natural stage, is on the whole on a higher level than that of India." He sees that democracy, in transferring social importance to the lower strata is a change similar in effect to that wrought by the invasions of the Goths and Vandals at the beginning of our era. In so doing it has renounced for a long period the possibility of perfection, but it has opened a door to progress by natural evolution: "And this places possibilities for accomplishment into the world, which are not innate in the great peoples of the East." He sees that the belief in progress, even if it is merely Western superstition, sub-

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ordinates the physiological process to a mental process. "Indefinite progress is conceivable, and as the contents of a faith are real forces . . . the future of white humanity may yet bring fulfillment with it which the present has never promised." Despite his preference for recognition by illumination over the objective method of science he admits that "experimental science has done more for the emancipation of the masses than the wisdom of the adepts." Thus he believes that *"For this world* the West has chosen the better part. . . . However much the Eastern modality of life benefits the man of recognition, the Western modality is better for purposes of translating recognition into action."

It is obvious that this justification of the world of becoming as opposed to that of being is accomplished by the logic of pragmatism, toward which the author steadily inclines in spite of the fascinations of the sirens of absolutism, whether mystical or rational. He delights in finding the Indian Rishis agreeing with William James and F. C. S. Schiller, "that all living truth is traceable to postulates in concrete . . . that the truth of the individual . . . depends on his talent, prejudices and wishes." Pragmatism determines his attitude in the many interesting passages in which he discusses the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. "Both lead to God but each one of them is appropriate to special natures. Catholicism is nearer to Hindu wisdom, in that it means becoming conscious of significance by entering mind and heart into an objective form, and then letting it fashion the soul." Protestantism, on the contrary, "approaches form from its significance." It finds its best representative today not in the reformed churches but in critical science. Here again the author arrives at the same conclusion as that in respect to perfection and progress. On the one hand, "All great religious revelations have been given to spirits of Catholic tendency"; on the other, "As far as advancement, including scientific recognition, is concerned, it can be said that, objectively, the Protestant attitude is more suited to this purpose."

The absolutism which takes the form of rationalism, likewise, Count Keyserling rejects in favor of pragmatism. He applauds the Hindus for their pragmatic treatment of reason. "They know that it is impossible for any effort of reason to give a true picture of metaphysical reality. . . . Europeans when they realize something similar immediately declare war on reason. . . . The Indians give reason proportionately greater freedom." The influence of reason upon art he discusses in several extremely interesting passages. The essence of Western art he finds in its rational origin, a concentration of reason upon nature which leads to the discovery of a form by virtue of which the infinite variety of appearance is simplified and made comprehensible. The Eastern artists, like the sages, sought by a more direct method to recreate their inner experience in terms of visibility. "They became absorbed in themselves, or in a waterfall, a landscape, a human face . . . until they had become one with their object, and then they created it from within, unconcerned by all outer forms." But once more it should be noticed that Count Keyserling finds his dénouement in the intellectualism of the West, still on pragmatic grounds. "We Westerners have pledged ourselves completely to intellect; our peculiar nature makes it possible for us to follow its peculiar momentum to a high degree; intellectual ideals are our aim; we therefore really become changed in accordance with the postulates of progress." Once more the world of becoming is justified.

This is the most fascinating aspect of Count Keyserling's book, the emergence of a faith in the dynamics of the West in the face of a predisposition in favor of the statics of the East so strong that at one time he thought of taking refuge in a Korean monastery. Since its publication in 1919 the Reisetagebuch has been recognized as the most important book to appear in Germany since the War. Its opposition to Spengler's Untergang des Abendlandes is quite dramatic. Psychological in method where the latter is historical, it leads to a diametrically opposite conclusion. But it would be a mistake to leave the impression that the only interest in Count Keyserling's book is intellectual. What a critic of fiction would call the scene or the natural background is everywhere felt—the overwhelming redundance of the tropical jungle concealing Dravidian monuments, the incredible grandeur of the Himalayas, the concrete infinity of the Asian plain, the delicate landscape of Japan, the chronology of nature in the cañon of the Colorado. Nor is the peopled background less fascinatingly sketched. Nothing human is outside Count Keyserling's scope: the prayers and dances of India, the manners and cookery of China, the gay sex life of Japan and the relentless mechanism of America add their values to his picture of the world. And that picture is grandiose. If the thread of inner experience gives the Travel Diary the linear form of a Pilgrim's Progress, its pictorial sweep gives it the cosmic aspect of a War and Peace.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

John Addington Symonds

Out of the Past, by Margaret Symonds (Mrs. W. W. Vaughan). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. pp. 318. $4.

SYMONDS'S History of the Italian Renaissance is, of course, a classic. Despite its faults everybody has at some time or other to read it, but for the most part the image which its readers retain of the author is of a sad and troubled man who concentrated in his own person all the spiritual suffering of the age of Clough and Matthew Arnold, to which, in his own case, was added the burden of a sickly body. Mrs. Vaughan's book has the great merit of rolling up this dismal legend in the most authoritative way. She has not attempted another exhaustive inquiry into the state of her father's soul; she has simply noted down from old letters, diaries, her note-books, and memory an impression of her father in private life. She thus brings to light a fascinating human being, who, delicate as he was, liked nothing better than driving at a hand gallop over an Alpine pass in a snowstorm; and joked with peasants and made friends with gondoliers at the same time that he was writing reams of dismal introspection to Henry Sidgwick and Jowett. Despite ill health his life was in many ways one of singular good fortune. He married a lady of noble presence and commanding character, who shared his enthusiasm for nature and flowers, and his hatred of convention and the middle classes. He had money enough to indulge his passion for travel, and to gratify the varied whims and caprices of an alert and pleasure-loving temperament. He loved, his daughter tells us, to buy new clothes and socks and silk pocket handkerchiefs and beads and Japanese match-boxes; owls fascinated him, and it was one of his "frequent wailing worries" that he could not induce these birds to nest at Davos. More seriously, he was happy

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above all in being freed from the provincialities of English literary life, and able to spend most of his maturity unhampered by the conventions which he despised. The bourgeoisie was detestable to him. "The individuals, when you know them, are magnificent, superb. It is only the way of living that I rail against—what I call the hedgerow scheme of existence." His own range of interests effectually freed him from such narrowness; with all his erudition, "he was a very shrewd observer of character into the bargain . . . old ladies consulted him about their wills, young ones about their love-affairs. . . . Clergymen invariably consulted him on every detail concerning the new English church." The peasants came to him in their difficulties; some he would persuade to marry; others, after careful consideration, he would start in life with a gift of a cart-horse or a fishing-boat. They would visit him in the evenning and sing their songs in a study crammed with books, where masses of proof sheets and manuscripts were piled in craggy erections which he called "precipices." Though Mrs. Vaughan makes mention of these precipices, and has first-hand knowledge of their contents, she does not disturb their dust unduly, and it is as well. For her father was not a great writer; nor indeed was he primarily interested in literature. "Nobody," he wrote, "except some very dry people, ever regarded their art except as a pis aller," and the words explain his own comparative failure. "Life," he held, "is more than literature"; so that Mrs. Vaughan has done right to make us look past those dusty piles of old manuscripts to the peasants and the flowers and the eccentric and amusing and romantic people who came year after year to the house at Davos and make her own youth a season of unforgettable delight.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Roosevelt and Realpolitik

Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War, by Tyler Dennett. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. pp. 357. $3.50.

THREE years ago Mr. Tyler Dennett published a volume on the Far East, which no one who wishes to be informed on that subject dares to neglect—Americans in Eastern Asia. Now he gives us a sequel, as he calls it in his sub-title, "a critical study of American policy in Eastern Asia in 1902-05." Like all of Mr. Dennett's work, it is marked by painstaking research, fairness, balance, and frankness. Besides its intrinsic merits, it has the added interest of being based upon the new Roosevelt papers recently deposited by the family in the Library of Congress and for the first time made available to students. The importance of the subject, the novelty of the evidence, and the talents of the author displayed on every page, unite in making this one of the most significant books of the year —of many a year—even though some of the argument has already been made public at Williamstown and through a current magazine.

The thesis developed in this work may be summarized in this fashion. When the Russo-Japanese War broke out, President Roosevelt notified Germany and France that if they attempted to intervene as they had done in the case of the Sino-Japanese conflict he would "promptly side with Japan and proceed to whatever length was necessary on her behalf." That meant war for the United States if the challenge was accepted—it would be interesting to know what kind of propaganda would have been supplied by a committee on public information in such a case. When appealed to by Japan in due form, President Roosevelt took the necessary steps to bring the warring nations together at Portsmouth, in a proper, cautious, and dignified manner, after consulting the great European powers. During the peace negotiations, Roosevelt operated on the theory that it was to the interest of the United States to prevent either Japan or Russia from falling into ruin and to keep them balancing each other as strong antagonists in the Far East. At the same time, in bringing pressure upon Russia, he assumed that Japan had the strength to continue waging a successful war—an assumption now known to be without warrant. He gave Japan a rather free hand in Korea and Manchuria, a kind of exchange for a recognition of American rights in the Philippines—this by a secret "conversation." Roosevelt also entered into a secret understanding with Japan (to which England was, in effect, a party), guaranteeing "peace in the Far East," which meant in fact the existing division of the spoils among Japan, England, and the United States as against possible disturbers such as Russia, Germany, or France. Finally, Roosevelt believed that it would take a navy as strong as that of England, and an army equal to that of the German Empire, to maintain "the open door" in Manchuria against any powerful nation bent on closing it.

Mr. Dennett, after presenting this grand argument, comes to the conclusion that Roosevelt by his policy and conduct rightfully won a high place as "a world Statesman." No doubt the President did act with great decision and caution. No doubt his labors were temporarily crowned by a successful realization of his policy. To conclude, however, that he took the one course best adapted to the advancement of American interests (whatever that may mean) or the good of the Far East (whatever that may mean), is to assume something that cannot be tested by any criterion now on our horizon. It is probable that peace would have come just about when it did even if President Roosevelt had refused to heed Japan's appeal. Any gray-haired gentleman in high hat and bell-topped trousers lounging around the Paris Bourse can explain that rumor. Perhaps the correspondence of the late Jacob Schiff would confirm it. Both belligerents had received notice from their bankers. If, however, the war had gone on, it is just as likely that Russia would have turned the tide and smashed Japan. Who knows? Certainly Japan was at the end of her tether in the summer of 1905. And if Japan had been driven from the mainland and Russia dissolved in revolution, where would America stand? Perhaps five hundred years from now, the books can be balanced. Mr. Dennett is inclined to close the ledger too soon, but that does not detract from the high importance —the priceless value—of his volume.

Incidentally, this book tells us how the diplomatic game has been played in the United States, and perhaps our lively youngsters who have been tilting at Willy, Nicky, and Georgie, can stop and put on their coats after reading about Springy, Speckie, and Teddy. The President of the United States without consulting any other branch of the government threatened Germany and France with a war if they did not heed his demands; and he entered into a secret conversation, understanding, or agreement that bound this country to join England and Japan in a war in the Far East in certain eventualities. Mr. Dennett thinks some of these operations were hardly "constitutional."

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That is a point which must be referred to the National Security League—that high and puissant tribunal. At all events during these world-shaking negotiations, the Senate was not consulted, the House of Representatives was vouchsafed no information, and the American people were as ignorant and innocent as lambs. Even the mighty editors who pen heavy leaders must writhe a bit to learn that while they knew nothing of the portentous secret understanding with Japan, it was darkly hinted at on October 4, 1905, as "a Japanese-Anglo-American alliance" in the Tokyo Kokumin Shimbun—an audacious newspaper still inspired by the Hon. Iichiro Tokutomi, whose remarkable book on Japanese foreign relations ought to put to shame 99 percent of the journalists on this continent.

Thanks, many thanks, Mr. Dennett. You deserve the crown of wild olive.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Wilbur the Hat

The Story of Wilbur the Hat, by Hendrick Van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright. pp. 318. $3.50.

WILBUR the Hat is a case of liking Mr. Van Loon, or of not liking him.

If your Van Looniness has been genuine from the first you will find in this new epic the same sprightly fancy, the same penetrating critique in a quaint idiom that charmed you so much in what you read of The Story of Mankind. And even more red and yellow pictures.

But if your admiration has been a little hypocritical at best, Wilbur will unmask you. You may even venture to say aloud after reading it—despite twenty-seven editions of The Story of Mankind (not to mention translations into all, or most, foreign languages)—that in your opinion—well, probably you're wrong—but it seems to you that there can be too much of Mr. Van Loon. And should you be audible enough, others might be found with courage to agree with you. And then a movement might arise among the masses, and a mighty voice be heard saying: "It *is* really possible to have too much of Mr. Van Loon. . . ."

"Written and drawn for the fun of it," says the hand-printed title page of Wilbur the Hat. Now that is very commendable. Anyone who can write things and illustrate them with the most original sketches in red, green, yellow and india ink should certainly do it: it shows much more resourcefulness than playing bridge. But whether the public need be drawn into such private fun is another question again.

Consider Wilbur. Wilbur is a hat from the Middle West whom Zeus sends on a tour of the Non-Existent for the good of his soul. He is Virgiled by a cricket named Cedric, after this manner:

"'Oh, look!' he [Wilbur] shouted, 'Look at the funny ships in the clouds. . . . They'll never get anywhere.'

"'On the contrary,' said Cedric, 'they are the only ships that ever get anywhere. . . . They are catching the only thing that is worth while.'

"'What is that?'

"'Dreams,' said Cedric."

And so Cedric points out a whole series of True Values displayed in symbolic scenes, each of which is rendered by the author in a full-page illustration. Wilbur is shown that Idea is might, that poetry and music are among man's highest accomplishments, that Stradivarius was the greatest mechanic, that machines which should be slaves have become masters, that Don Quixote is greater than Napoleon, that pedantry does not make a wise man, that going to church is not religion. But all these revelations pass over Wilbur's crown, and he returns to earth as complacent as he left it, which confounds Cedric and Zeus and ends the book.

It is too bad, on the whole, that Mr. Van Loon was not satisfied with the fun of writing and drawing Wilbur, without insisting on the fun of publishing it. For Wilbur the Hat is a great work of genius, but of a fireside genius of the family order, which shines with wit and wisdom in a small circle of relatives and friends. It is the sort of genius which flowers when small heads lean over the desk to see what Uncle Hendrick is doing. And this being true of Wilbur, the truth will out in more pretentious quarters. The lauded, fêted and translated Story of Mankind does not show up so well with Wilbur in the family. The Child-on-the-knee, Just-So-Story style in history may have "revolutionized the theory and practice of the telling and teaching of history"—it may be splendid for entertaining adults, and even for instructing children. Twenty-seven editions speak louder than words. But it may, on the other hand, be somewhat over-rated. It may (whispered breath!) have been a fad.

In that case Wilbur the Hat is an accredited herald of disillusion.

E. VINCENT.

Mrs. Austin's Genius

Everyman's Genius, by Mary Austin. Appendix and Bibliography with Teaching Notes by Maxwell Aley. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. pp. 365. $2.50.

A Small-Town Man, by Mary Austin. New York: Harper and Brothers. pp. 230. $2.

GENIUS is not a scientific term. Various scientists have, no doubt, used it in their researches. Galton's study of Hereditary Genius comes instantly to mind. So also do the psychoanalytic essays upon genius by Freud and various ones of his disciples. But it is at least questionable if the addition of genius to the already considerable list of indefinables employed by these writers has served to crystallize or clarify their thought. The problem of heredity seems to have become if anything rather more obscure as the result of the complications brought in by the eagerness of such men as Galton to prove too much too soon, and the same may be said of psychoanalysis. A terminology that was just beginning to become intelligible when applied to neurotics is thinned out to a vague mist when it is blown about Leonardo da Vinci.

For one thing, the ordinary content of the expression "genius" is a matter of feeling rather than of fact. Genius is what psychologists would call an affective expression, meaning that it registers what people feel rather than the concrete things or circumstances that make them feel so. Indeed, part of the feeling-content of the word is the sense of bafflement in the presence of mystery. A genius is preëminently someone you don't understand, someone remote from you in space and time, or in social accessibility, someone toward whom your feelings are excessively mixed. He is, you feel, the most fortunate of men, a child of all the ages, the darling of the gods. But he is also, apparently,

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condemned to an existence which you cannot help regarding as outlandish. By all accounts he gets a supreme exaltation out of work, which to you is the curse of Adam and the chief obstacle to a truly satisfactory enjoyment of the goods of life—toward which as you read to your further amazement the genius appears to be sincerely indifferent. There is in addition a strange contrast between the gratitude with which the world officially receives the works of genius, and the acute irritation of completely exhausted patience that seems to spread like a red patch of inflammation from the physical presence of a genius. A genius is a divine blessing to the human race, and a satanic scourge to his immediate associates. Though—and this is the strangest part of the whole business—those who know him best seem to prefer him, inflammation and all.

What are the actualities that excite these feelings? To ask this question of people to whom genius is an object of distant awe, something like a whale and something like a deity, is useless. By definition they know little about him and only marvel at what they do know. Their attention is most likely to be captured by some superficial trick of technical virtuosity, the speed and accuracy of the painter's brush-work, the velocity and precision of the musician's fingers, the verbal memory of the literary man—things which the artists themselves regard as mere accessories to their real performances. But the genius makes hardly a better witness. Unless he happens to have a special flair for self-analysis he is likely to talk of nothing more distinguishing than the arduousness of his job and the extremity of his fussiness about it. But there is nothing uncommon about either technical virtuosity or hard work. The extraordinary thing is not that Mozart could teach himself to play the violin, but that he did. Mr. Tyrus Cobb probably taught himself to play baseball. At all events he certainly did not go abroad to study "under the great foreign masters." The common tradition is that boys pick it up in back lots. Mozart picked up violin playing by the same method, the only difference being that it is not usually done that way. Again, no one who has observed young America engaged in radio-building can possibly maintain the delusion that a capacity either for hard work or for taking pains is in any degree rare. The rarity is the application of these talents to building fugues which, though they are no more intricate than the super-heterodyne, are not commonly an object of interest to growing children. The unearthly quality of genius is not its technical proficiency but the uncanny sureness and self-possession of the man who travels across lots by native disposition and preference.

Theoretically everyone might travel across lots. That, no doubt, is what Mrs. Austin means by attributing potential genius to Everyman. It may even be true that more men undertake to leave the common paths than ever arrive at any very distinguished goal.

It is characteristic of Mrs. Austin that having wrested from her own inner consciousness an understanding of the mystery of supreme achievement she should wish not only to achieve greatly herself but to put her insight at the service of everyone. If there is any reality behind popular feeling about genius, that reality is manifest in Mary Austin. There is no need to exaggerate. She herself dismisses the notion that genius is a quantitative conception, a matter of sheer degree of accomplishment. To say that such a person is a genius is not to give him a rating on a point scale of supreme excellence but to attribute to him certain qualities, individuality, self-assurance, untroubled faith in his own insights and even his own methods. Such qualities could not be illustrated better than in this restored edition of Mrs. Austin's earlier book, The Man Jesus. Some years ago Mrs. Austin had won a certain conception of Christ as a "small-town mystic" who had come to a sense of his mission as every genius does, had stirred his countrymen with the drive of ideas which they only partly understood and he only partly communicated, and had then withdrawn (after the sermon on the mount, Mrs. Austin significantly notes) because his contribution, though incomplete, was somehow, practically, ended. In 1915 the timorousness of her editors required this vision to be slightly veiled. The calm assurance with which Mrs. Austin now restores her original brilliant coloring is another manifestation of her genius.

No less so is the nonchalance with which she dispenses with "the male ritual of scholarship." She has traveled widely and read more widely to satisfy herself that her conceptions are sound ones, but they are presented to us on the merits of their insight, not on the passport of scholarly authority. It is the better way. Jesus replies to the question "Art thou the Christ, the son of the living God?" simply, "I am"; but the fact can be undestood only by a profound insight into the meaning of such a fact. That, I think, Mrs. Austin has.

At another point, however, she is betrayed by scholarship, as genius is always betrayed into using, occasionally, materials that are shoddy. Groping for materials to build into the "genius process," she finds the pseudo-science of racial consciousness and the clairvoyant sub-consciousness ready to hand, and she draws upon them freely. Specifically, genius is the outpouring of the living waters of racial consciousness, bucketed up by the "deep-self." Hence the humility and hence also the assurance of the genius. I gather that Mr. Aley believes that Everyman can be taught to pump up his racial consciousness. At all events Mrs. Austin herself is certainly under the apprehension that such conceptions are recognized by most scientists. They are not. Indeed, many readers will no doubt be extremely pained by the perversity of Mrs. Austin's scientific errors. But that will simply be their loss.

C. E. Ayres.

Contributors

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